

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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GOVERNMENT FORCED TO DO RIGHT

BURIED IN SNOW 8,000 FEET UP

THE DESPERATE CASE OF CAPTAIN HOPE

A Piece of Magic That Came
to Life on the Alps

HOW THE PLANE WAS SAVED

An air pilot, Captain Lawrence Hope, has had an adventure which he will not easily forget.

He left Lyons for Italy one afternoon in company with a Frenchman who does not mind what he is in so long as it is racing something. This time the two were in a D.H. Moth light aeroplane. They wondered which way to go, and as the weather reports were excellent they decided to go over the Alps.

As dusk came on they mounted until they were 10,000 feet above the sea, filled with that glorious sense of adventure which comes to a man who can handle a plane and has the vast sea of the sky to sail through. They laughed as the Moth raced along, and peered out at the toy world, so far below, on which night was descending.

In a New World

Then suddenly they saw that they had sailed into a new world, an unkind world. Below them the ground was entirely hidden, covered by a great bank of cloud, so that mountains, lakes, and villages were all one.

The air pilot was at a loss. If he went on in that fog he would be sure to crash into a mountain peak. It was too dark to turn back and find a good landing. There was nothing but to make a forced landing. Captain Hope, peering down in the rapidly-growing gloom, spied through a rent in the curtain of fog what seemed like a hut. Down he came toward it, cruising along the side of Mount Lavanna, and making a perilous approach known as a stall landing. He dropped, pancake fashion, on to the mountain, and the machine flopped into the deep snow. There the Moth stuck, her wings level with the drift, the under-carriage completely buried; and there the men were, 8000 feet up on a remote mountainside, and the night before them.

The Mysterious Lights

"Here goes!" said the Frenchman, and clambered out. He immediately sank up to his chin in the snow. Captain Hope watched the disappearing head, and cleverly hauled his companion up. "That's not much good," he said. "We are better in than out."

Just then a piece of magic came to life. The snowbound men saw some lanterns climbing up the mountainside, a whole string of them. The lights came dancing nearer. The two men in the Moth could hardly believe that anyone could be carrying those lights. Yet it was obvious they could hardly dance up the mountain on their own feet. The prisoners held their breath and waited.

The Friendly Bear at the Zoo



Winnie, the black bear at the London Zoo, is very friendly with two ladies who enter her enclosure on the Mappin Terraces. Here we see her sitting up to accept tit-bits from the visitors.

And what should they see come in sight but a group of the Alpine Fascisti, who had watched the plane come down and thought they had better do something about it.

These hardy mountaineers had lifelines with them. They hauled the two men out of the snowbank, put snowshoes on them, and got them down the slope to a place where they could pass the night in kinder conditions than the Moth could have afforded them.

Then, with the morning, came the finest rescue of a plane that we have heard of for some time. The two airmen and the mountaineers went back up the mountainside with three sledges and some miles of rope. After some difficulty they got the plane on the sleigh and moved her down till she was on a platform about five hundred yards long. There she stuck.

Captain Hope felt helpless. After the platform came a precipice. He thought hard and long, and then had a bright idea. He persuaded the lumberjacks to make the aeroplane some shoes, enormous skis with boxes fitted on them!

The plane, with the wheels, was wedged into the boxes, and then the men tried to persuade the Moth to walk a bit in her

grand new shoes. She was very obstinate, but after terrific labour the men got her to move along and away she went toward the precipice. Just in the nick of time the Moth took the air. Then suddenly she rose, and kicked off her new shoes. The skis and boxes rattled down into the abyss and the brave Moth soared off into the upper air.

THE BIRD'S ILLUSION What Happened to the Hawk and the Canary

One has often seen bees dashing themselves against a window-pane, unable to understand why they cannot get through.

The story comes of a hawk which, though it did get through, must have been puzzled at the blow it encountered.

It had espied a canary in a cage hung in a window, and swooped down upon it with such force that it shattered the glass. How it survived the blow it is difficult to imagine.

When the canary's owner came to the rescue, the hawk struggled fiercely against capture, but was ultimately caught and killed. The cage proved a better protection than the window, and the canary was unhurt.

HERO OF A REED HUT

THE WORLD LOSES A BRAVE PRIEST

The Trumpets Sound on the
Other Side for Father Nicoleau

A LIFETIME OF SACRIFICE

Nearly forty years ago a French priest went out to the Fiji Islands.

He had already given up the world for God's sake, so that it did not seem much more to give up the comparative security of a European country for the uncertainty of life in a savage place. He was Father Nicoleau.

His boyhood years were spent not far from Rodez, a town in one of the loveliest districts of the South of France where there are traditions of an ancient empire and architectural beauties more Roman than Rome. He died in a reed hut in the leper colony of Makogai, washed by the Australasian seas.

True Greatness

This life, which began and ended in such strangely-contrasting places, held a generation of service the like of which the world very rarely hears of. Father Nicoleau was not yet thirty when he went out to take the love of Christ to the dwellers on the Fiji Islands. For twenty-one years he worked as a missionary in a great and selfless devotion. He seemed to embody in his life that simple saying which covers a deep truth: *This is true greatness, to serve unnoticed and to work unseen.*

At the end of the twenty-one years Father Nicoleau became chaplain of Makogai. That was in 1913. His strength was already tried. For nine more years he went on. Then, broken in health but not in spirit, he went away to rest. During this holiday he learned that life had demanded of him the uttermost penalty. He saw in himself signs of the leprosy he had so often watched in others. He was examined by three doctors. There was no hope for him.

A Little Workshop

Back he went then to Makogai, not as chaplain but as priest of the leper colony. They gave him a hut made of reeds and leaves, and a tiny wattle-and-reed chapel where he could still say Mass. He also had a little workshop, where he could potter about as long as he had strength to use his hands.

There he made wooden arms and legs for the lepers whose limbs had gone, thinking even in that sad state of others before himself. The day came when he had no hands to use, and after six years he died, the last year spent in great pain. But to the end the soul of this wonderful man was triumphant over the body, and if ever the trumpets sounded on the other side, as John Bunyan heard them sounded for Mr. Valiant, they must have sounded bravely when the spirit of Father Nicoleau went back to God.

HEROIC SPIRIT OF A BLIND BOY

WAR ORPHAN'S CHIVALRY
A Golden Deed That Stirred the
Heart of Hungary

HIS FATHER'S SON

The Regent of Hungary has just conferred the silver life-saving medal for an act of heroism which surely has not often been surpassed.

The hero of the story is a boy of eighteen who saved a woman from drowning. Many have done this before and disdained to take praise for it; what makes the present case peculiar is that this life-saver of eighteen is blind.



Elias Kiss

Elias Kiss is his name, and he is a war orphan. Having lost his eyesight at fourteen, he has been an inmate in a Budapest Institute for the Blind for the last three years. The Superintendent describes him as an exceptionally nice boy—modest, chivalrous, kind-hearted, and hard-working; he is top of his class in everything save music. Yet his ear is anything but defective, as his story will show.

A Cry for Help

Last summer, during the holidays he was allowed to spend at home, he was bathing one day in the stream which flows near his native village when he heard a terrified cry: "Help, oh help! She's drowning!"

Without an instant's hesitation, not even stopping to remember that there might be others near by more qualified for the business of life-saving than himself, he started to swim in the direction of the voice. It was the drowning woman's sister who had screamed, but she was a little way from the place of the disaster, so her voice could serve as no guide to him. So he dived and, in the words in which he told his story later, listened to the rumbling noises in the water till he had located the place of the struggle. Then he made straight for it. Asked whether he had not been afraid he answered: "Not then."

No Time to Be Frightened

Having reached the sinking woman, he caught hold of her as best he could and dragged her to the surface spluttering and gasping. But she gripped his neck with the desperate grip of the drowning and pulled him down again. Three times he rose with her and three times he was dragged down. But in the end he succeeded, with an effort beyond his years and strength, in getting her on to dry land.

"That's when I got frightened," he said with a little smile. "I was too busy before. I know now that it is her hair I should have seized, but I had not too much time to feel for it."

We are sure the father of Elias Kiss, who fell in the war, was a brave man; and just as sure we are that he, too, would have liked better to save life than to take it. In that his son, blind though he be, is more fortunate.

THE RIGHT TO SHUT THEIR OWN DOOR

The mission conducted by Magdalen College, Oxford, in the overcrowded Somers Town district of London has resulted in the setting-up of a House Improvement Society as a company.

Already through its improvements 22 families in two streets have regained the right to shut their own door, as they quaintly put it.

Now the society has secured a site on which to give homes to 92 families at 4s. 6d. a room, as well as buying a hundred houses on another site which are to be made fit for 300 more families.

THE NIGHTINGALE'S SONG

Heard on Christmas Day

The English June has wandered out to the Bush. Lovers of the Motherland can go out into the woods near Auckland and hear the song of the nightingale.

On Christmas Day, when their high midsummer pomps come on, some English nightingales which had been taken over in cages were liberated in New Zealand. The fate of such forced emigrants is always uncertain. It was impossible to be sure that the nightingales would be happy in their new home, made to nest in unfamiliar trees. It was impossible to make certain that they would not fall a prey to some unsuspected enemy.

We can imagine the joy of those who knew the song of the English nightingales when first they heard that rich tremulous note which opens the flood of song. Boys and girls who go to school in Auckland will be able to read Keats's lovely lines with an added joy when they have heard the same music that he heard:

*Perhaps the selfsame song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth when, sick
for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charmed magic casements opening on the
foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.*

A TRAMP REMEMBERS Two Shillings for a Cobbler

A Brighton reader sends us an incident mentioned in the local journal that may well be made known as a sample of right-doing, in contrast with the more customary records of wrong-doing.

A boot-repairer whose shop is beside one of the roads leading out of the town was asked by a passing tramp to remove some nails from his boot, as they were hurting him. The bootmaker did what was needed, and also mended the heels of the boots, knowing there would be no payment. Finally, when the tramp explained that he had no money, the cobbler sent him on his way with a cheery "That's all right!" as a settlement.

Three months afterwards he received from London a postal order for two shillings, with a letter of thanks signed "A Casual."

A bit of life honourable to both men! There are far more incidents like these than the world hears of, thank goodness!

FOOLS AND GOLDEN EGGS

Why the Great Auk Has
Passed Away

A hen that lays golden eggs is only found in fairy tales, but a real bird's egg may be worth many times its weight in gold.

The other day a bird's egg collector stated that he had sold a Great Auk's egg to Lord Rothschild for £350. He had originally asked £500 for this solitary egg.

This enormous price was got because the Great Auk is now extinct, having become extinct because large prices could be got for its eggs!

Nearly as big as a goose, but with little, useless wings, the Great Auk was an easy prey, like the penguin. Except in size it resembled its cousin the razor-bill, which is still with us. It was found in Icelandic waters and in the Hebrides, but the last seen in British waters was captured in 1821 or 1822.

Like the fool in the fable, the dealers have killed the goose that laid the golden eggs.

SAD TIMES AT THE ZOO

POOR MRS. GINGER

How Cherry Lost One of His
Beautiful Teeth

MONKEYS HAVE A GOOD ROMP

By Our Zoo Correspondent

Poor Mrs. Ginger, one of the Zoo's new orang-utans, is the unhappiest animal in the menagerie, for she has lost her baby.

The little ape did not like our climate, and found artificial sunshine a poor substitute for the real thing; each day he clung closer to his mother and grew more and more depressed until at last he refused to feed. In vain did Mrs. Ginger try to make him better, and Baby became so thin and feeble that he lost all desire to live and was found dead in his mother's arms.

The mother ape was distracted by his death. She roamed round and round the cage after the little creature had been taken away from her, and seemed to be reproaching herself for having dropped her offspring and so enabled the keeper to remove it. Gradually she grew calmer, but she then crouched in a corner of the cage and grieved silently, while Mr. Ginger watched her sadly.

Dangerous Curiosity

Unfortunately Mrs. Ginger is not the only sad animal at the Zoo, for some of the monkeys have been so anxious to investigate their new home that they have burned themselves. Two of them have had to go to hospital because their injuries were serious; others are looking at their blistered hands, feet, and tails, and wondering why they took so much interest in electric heaters. And a large mangabey monkey called Cherry is regretting that he gave way to curiosity, for it cost him one of his beautiful teeth.

When the keeper was placing food in this monkey's cage the animal quickly dashed to the sliding door communicating with the service passage, pushed it open, and jumped out. This was serious because Cherry is a large and exceptionally bad-tempered monkey. Fortunately he took fright, and was only too pleased to be chased back to his cage. But once back in captivity he became angry and bit an iron rod in his cage so viciously that he broke one of his powerful canine teeth.

Monkeys Escape

However, when a family of lively capuchin monkeys managed to escape they were more fortunate, for they simply enjoyed a good romp together in the roomy service passage. They managed to elude the keeper because a silly visitor presented one of them with a knife, and as the man was trying to persuade the monkey to give up his dangerous toy his companions pushed open the sliding door and escaped.

They were not difficult to recapture, as they are harmless; and as soon as they had had a run all were willing to return.

BRINGING THE SUN TO THE NIGHT WORKER

A Boon and a Blessing

Many of the night workers on whom we depend for our supplies of wool are to be given sunlight treatment as a result of tests by the Bradford Corporation.

Six woolcombers, whose years of night work had been responsible for giving them pleurisy, bronchitis, and lumbago, have been wonderfully improved in health by three weeks' treatment with ultra-violet light.

It is quite likely now that many of the night-shifts in busy mills and factories will no longer be deprived of the health which their brothers and sisters working in the day enjoy.

IS THE POLLING BOOTH BREAKING DOWN?

ELECTION GAMBLES

Representative Government
That Does Not Represent

BALLOT-BOX CURIOSITIES

Britain is the mother of representative government, but her electoral system is breaking down.

This year's London County Council elections produced the same strange result as the last election for the House of Commons; a minority of the votes cast has secured a majority of the seats.

At the General Election, leaving out the constituencies with no contests, 16,400,000 votes were cast for 583 seats. A bare majority of votes and seats would have been something over 8,200,000 votes and 292 seats. The Conservatives won 399 seats with 7,800,000 votes, securing a seat for every 20,000 votes. The Labour Party, casting 5,400,000 votes, obtained 143 seats, an average of 38,000 votes to secure a Labour seat against 20,000 required by the Conservatives. The Liberals, casting 2,900,000 votes, secured only 36 seats, so that it cost them 81,000 votes a seat against the Conservative 20,000 and Labour's 38,000.

Out of Proportion

It has been estimated that if seats had really been proportionate to votes the Conservatives would have obtained 279 seats instead of 399, the Labour Party 193 seats instead of 143, and the Liberals 104 seats instead of 36.

Now we come to the County Council elections. There the total votes cast were 1,290,000 and the number of seats contested 116. A bare majority of these would have been 650,000 votes and 57 seats.

The Conservatives cast some 578,000 votes and secured 69 seats; the Labour Party nearly 499,000 votes, securing 42 seats; while the 192,000 votes of the Liberals secured only five seats.

That is to say, the Conservatives, on the average, secured a seat for every 8,400 votes, the Labour Party a seat for every 11,900 votes, while each of the five seats of the Liberals cost over 38,000 votes.

Is there not a danger, it is asked, that unless we can invent some system in which the number of seats bears some reasonable proportion to the number of votes people will lose interest in the ballot-box?

MORE CARELESS PEOPLE

The number of lost articles left at Scotland Yard has more than doubled in the last few years.

During 1927 over 185,000 articles were taken to the Lost Property Office, and the cost of dealing with lost property has so increased that from now onward users recovering their goods will be called upon to pay a minimum fee of sixpence in the pound.

THINGS SAID

A politician can be a humbug; a skipper cannot. *The Prime Minister*

Drink and gambling are the enemies of the country. *General Obregon of Mexico*

We have no right to break faith with the British Empire. *General Hertzog*

The chief task of the League of Nations is in the schools. *Lord Thomson*

When I was made then was 1228 winters from God's birth.

On an ancient bell found in Sweden

Our working-classes own four or five hundred million pounds' worth of houses. *Sir Kingsley Wood*

Only in a dead State does each generation follow exactly the path laid down for it. *Mr. Llewellyn Woodward*

April 14, 1928

The Children's Newspaper

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S.V.**The Garden She Made
in a Casket****A BEAUTIFUL THING
OF LONG AGO**

England has just been very lucky. A rare little English treasure has come home to her, after wandering abroad. Moreover, it is not in the hands of a dealer or in a private collection but is safe in the Victoria and Albert Museum for all time.

The treasure is a casket covered in beautiful embroidery and inside it is a little model garden standing on a tray which lifts out. In the time of Charles the Second some clever Englishwoman made exquisite needlework pictures of Bible incidents to cover the lid and sides, and then she determined that her casket should be different from the others made at this period, so she added what is probably the only model of a Stuart garden in existence.

Tiny Flowers and Trees

There are two grass plots in the garden and two beds filled with favourite English flowers like carnations and tulips. There are tiny trees bearing pears and apples and little ivory statuettes in the middle of each plot to imitate the marble garden ornaments then in fashion. Altogether it is a delightful toy garden, but it was far too precious for the rough usage of the nursery. These caskets were used by Stuart ladies to hold embroidery silk, jewels, love letters, or a lock of a baby's hair. This one held the treasures of a lady whose initials were S.V., and that is all we know of her.

Stuart needlework has a very high artistic value, and this casket is precious for other reasons besides its quaintness.

**GIVE YOUR CHILD
A CHANCE****The Book the Children
Shout For**

Here are two examples of the kind of encouragement that reaches the Editor of the C.N. on most days of the year.

A kindly reader passes on what he knows is true. A working-man's wife, who cherishes ambition for her son, by dint of saving some years ago purchased the Children's Encyclopedia for him. He referred to the volumes constantly, and grew to know them intimately and to love them.

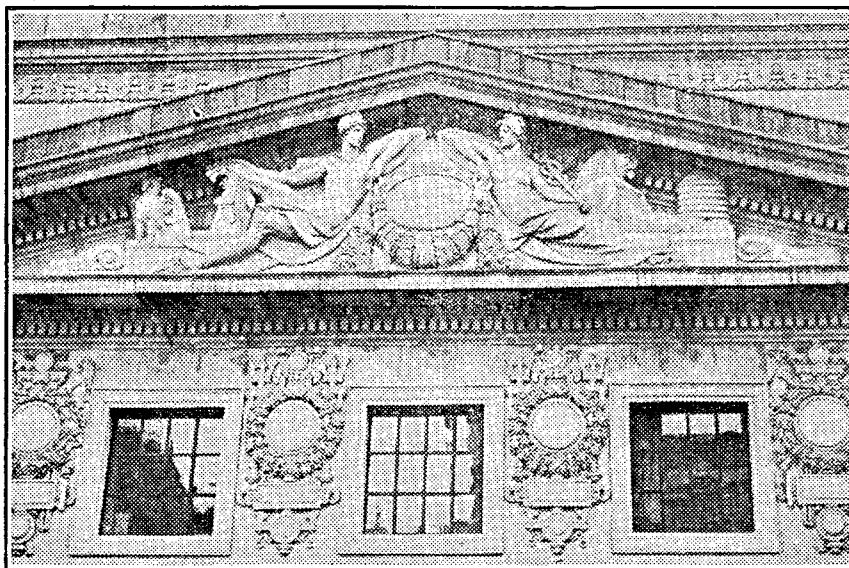
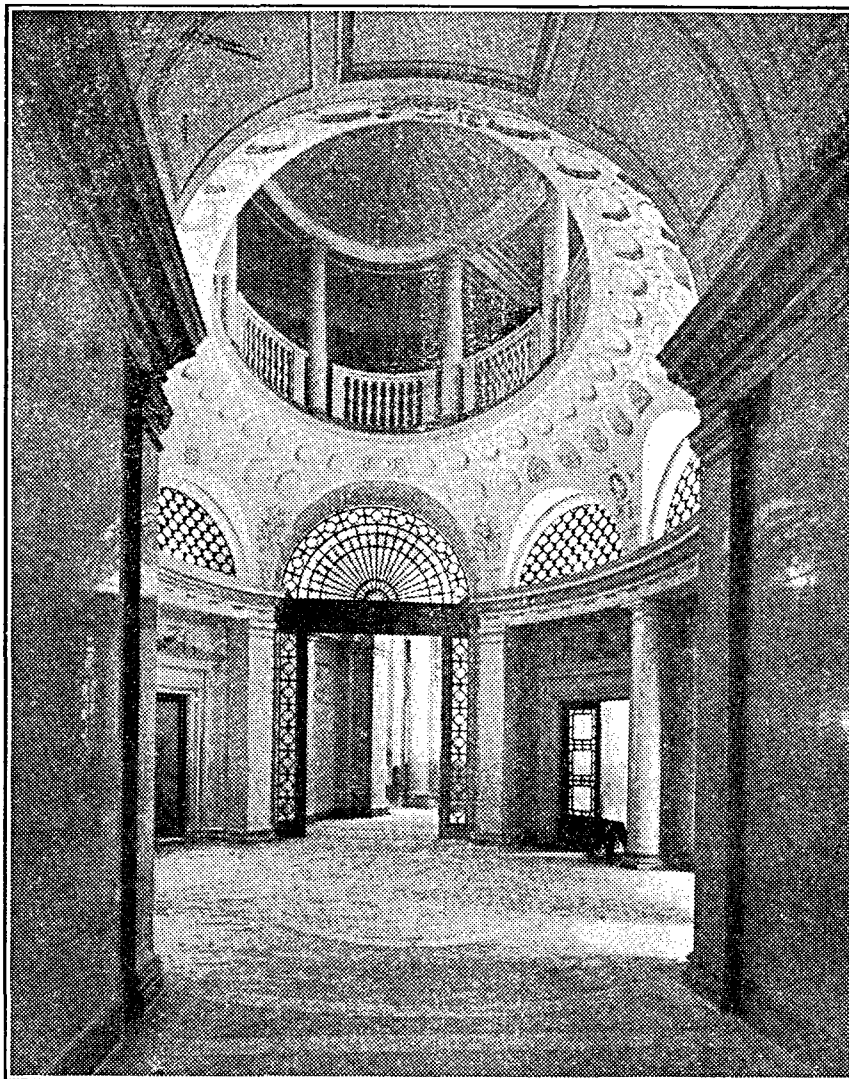
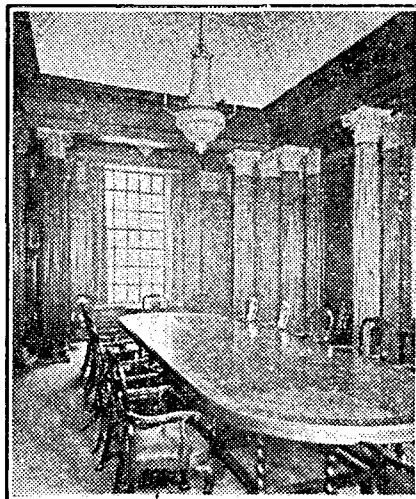
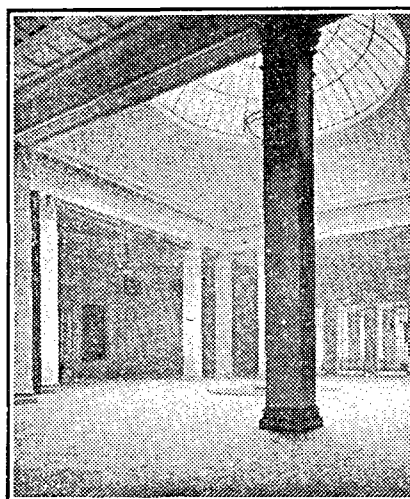
Then he reached the age when he could sit at the examination for a scholarship at a secondary school. He was easily first. When the news of his success reached him he threw his arms round his mother's neck and exclaimed "That was all your doing, Mummy, for buying me those lovely books."

The other story comes to us from the Daily Chronicle, which sent a representative the other day to visit the Hospital for Sick Children in Finchley Road. The correspondent says that the doctors of the hospital find that school lessons in the hospital have a distinct health value. The children like the lessons, and when the staff have been absent they have been known to start them on their own account. Their one dislike is arithmetic. Says a visitor: "They like reading and story-books, and almost shout for the Children's Encyclopedia."

The Children's Encyclopedia is issued in ten volumes by the Educational Book Company of Tallis House, Tallis Street, London, E.C.4.

CROWDED WESTMINSTER

So eager are people from the outer districts of London to crowd into already overcrowded Westminster that the Medical Officer proposes to restrict the letting of new municipal houses or flats to people whose work is carried on in Westminster.

THE NEW LLOYD'S**Sculpture over the doorway****The vestibule of the main entrance****The committee room with columns and panels of walnut****The great hall in which business is conducted**

Business is now being carried on in the beautiful new home of Lloyd's, which was opened by the King recently. This great shipping insurance corporation had its origin 240 years ago in Edward Lloyd's coffee-shop, where seamen and shipbrokers used to meet. Now it occupies a building that cost over a million pounds, of which we give some pictures here.

**A SHOCKING FRAUD
AT CARLISLE****The Sham Romance
of Gretna Green****WHO WANTS IT?**

There is much to be said in favour of some artificial things. It is better that a man should have artificial teeth than go hungry for lack of grinders, for instance. But there are some things that must be genuine if they are to have any value at all, and Romance is one of the number.

It seems sad, then, to think that Carlisle is to manufacture artificial romance this summer. The Secretary of its Publicity Committee has issued the following advertisement.

ARISTOCRATIC couples as of yore can be married at the old blacksmith's shop, Gretna Green, during Carlisle Civic Week, August 5-11, 1928. The old Coronation Coach in the Museum at Gretna Green will be used to conduct one runaway marriage each day from a point south of Carlisle to Gretna Green, and contracting parties will be required to fulfil the residential qualification. Full particulars from Town Hall, Carlisle.

It has perhaps been overlooked that parties who fulfil the necessary residential qualifications cannot possibly make a runaway match. They can only take part in a burlesque.

Real Romance

But why should we try to revive such romances of the old days when the world is so full of romance that is alive and true? We cannot bring back the post-chaise, the poke-bonnet, and the tyrannical fathers of old, any more than we can make waxworks feel and speak. There are better things to do, and if we want romance it is all around us—in laboratories where doctors risk their lives for knowledge, in the slum where some cheerful girl makes a living for little brothers and sisters, in workshops where strange new machines are being designed, in schools where the great men of tomorrow are learning how to lose and win like men.

These things are real, and worth our admiration; artificial romance is as bad as an artificial flower in a garden or a poor stuffed thing in a museum beside a singing humming-bird.

**THE GRATEFUL SLAVE
A Monument to His Master**

We hear from a correspondent that Otterville, in Illinois, claims to have the only monument ever raised by a slave to the memory of his master.

The master was Dr. Silas Hamilton, who owned a cotton plantation but was opposed to slavery; the slave was a boy he found once when, riding through Virginia, he heard the pitiful crying of a small Negro boy whose parents had been sold away from him. The boy was inconsolable, and was actually dying of grief. Dr. Hamilton bought him for £20, and promised to find his parents. He never succeeded, but the boy came to love him as a second father. The incident helped to sicken Dr. Hamilton of slavery as an institution, and he soon sold his plantation, took his slaves north with him, and gave them their freedom.

The small boy, however, whom he named George Washington, remained with him, and settled at Otterville. George was educated at the first free school in Illinois, founded by Dr. Hamilton, and with his patron's help and advice he made money. Dr. Hamilton died and George became one of Otterville's leading citizens. When he died he left a will providing £300 for a monument to his benefactor, and allotting £5000 to the education of Negroes.

The monument is weather-beaten now, but for over forty years that £5000 has been keeping young Negroes at school.

SPARKS AND HIS ADVENTURES

THE MODERN HERO

The Wonderful Spirit of the Wireless Cabin

NEW FIGURE IN ROMANCE

Has anyone grown a little tired of the old heroes of romance—the colonist stalked by Red Indians, the midshipman who outwitted cruel pirates, and the Stuart prince who escaped from enemy troopers by a secret passage?

If so, let him read Bennet Copplestone's Tales of S.O.S. and T.T.T. This volume (published by Blackwood at 7s. 6d.) contains seven true tales of disasters at sea, and in most cases the hero is the wireless man. He is quite a new figure in romance, but although wireless is only thirty years old it has already great traditions. They were founded by Phillips of the Titanic, who lost his life on April 14, 1912.

When that great liner struck an iceberg one starry night she was within sight of another vessel, the Californian, but the wireless operator of that vessel had taken off his receivers just ten minutes before Phillips sent out his call for help. Two hours and forty minutes passed before the Titanic sank, and all that time Phillips sent out calls for help.

Too Late to Be Saved

Once the captain ordered Phillips to get into a boat; the ship was sinking and he could do no more; but the heroic youth remained at his post another half-hour, when the electric power which fed his spark transmitter failed and he could not send another message. Then it was too late to be saved; the boats and rafts had gone; and in three minutes the liner sank, taking Phillips with her.

Since that day it has been a tradition with Sparks (the sailor's name for the wireless man) that in case of disaster he will never leave his cabin till he is washed out, blown out, or dragged out by the captain. The wireless man is the last to leave the ship before the captain, and sometimes he chooses to go down with her, sending out calls to the last in the hope that ships may come in time to rescue the crew and passengers who have escaped in boats.

Fighting for Time

Sparks is not the only hero of these tales. Brave indeed were the chief engineer, the bakers, the captain, and the crew of the Volturno, a Canadian ship which burst into flames one stormy morning in 1913. For a day and a night she burned furiously, and explosion after explosion tore her to pieces. Wireless calls summoned ships to her aid, but the sea was so terrible that no boat could reach her. All the time Chief-Engineer Dewar was below, nursing his fuel, trying to keep steerage way on the ship, to supply power for the pumps and wireless and lighting, while the coal bunker was blazing, gas was oozing out, and every moment the end was expected. Thinking of that quiet man fighting for time in the stokehold we cannot agree that romance died with the sailing-ship.

Baking on a Burning Ship

The bakers, also, had been at work below all night so that passengers and crew might have food. At last the captain ordered everyone on deck to make rafts, and then told the passengers to jump overboard. Other ships were waiting to rescue them, but people were afraid to leap into the raging sea; so Wireless-Operator Pennington jumped first, to give them a lead.

It is good to think that he was rescued, with Captain Inch, who came aboard a German ship at last burned and blinded, but still clasping his little dog.

The old kind of story has gone, but surely the modern world has as much romance and adventure as the past, and this book is full of it.

A TRIBE THAT CAME INTO HISTORY

And Went Out Again

SOMETHING NEW ABOUT IT

An expedition sent by the Smithsonian Institution to learn something more of a lost tribe of Red Indians who resisted the Spanish conquest of Florida has already resulted in an important find of 75 skeletons.

The Calusa were expert fishermen, daring seamen, determined fighters, and, it is said, incurable cannibals. When the companion of Columbus, Ponce de Leon, discovered Florida, they drove him off with a fleet of 80 canoes, and carried on their warfare against the invaders after all other tribes had succumbed. They became rich with the gold plundered from Spanish wrecks. They sacrificed their captives to their gods, and it is alleged that they completed the ceremony by eating them.

But when the Seminole tribesmen were driven south by American troops all trace of the Calusa disappeared. Whether they migrated to Cuba before them, or were absorbed by the newcomers no one knows, though some identify them with a band of so-called Choctaw Indians seen in Florida in the middle of last century.

The Only Monuments

Yet it is known that some Calusa boys were pupils at the mission school in Havana in the sixteenth century, and that the Jesuits studied and recorded their vocabulary.

Practically nothing is now known of the beliefs or customs of this race, and only a few isolated words and place-names have survived. Burial mounds and heaps of sand, probably foundations of houses, are almost the only monuments left behind by the Calusa, save for large shell heaps, 30 feet high and hundreds of feet long. It has now been proved that these shell heaps, in which were layers of ashes and small animal bones, were not artificial structures built with a purpose, but kitchen refuse.

It is believed that the skeletons, which had been folded with the knees to the chin and placed close together, were buried before the coming of the white man, as only one bone was found with any indication of disease. Pieces of broken pottery had been placed round the heads, a custom not known among other Indians.

YAW

Killing the Medicine Man

Yaw has not a pleasant sound. It denotes a most unpleasant thing. But it is the magic word that spells the departure of the unsavoury Medicine Man in West Africa.

Yaws are the distressing symptoms of a disease caused by a parasite, which occurs in the East Indies, the West Indies, and in West Africa, from which it has spread to other parts of the great continent. The Medicine Man has for hundreds of years, perhaps thousands, pretended to cure it by magic potions. Sometimes the patient has recovered in spite of the potions, which are often of so unsavoury and infected a character that they might easily make the patient worse. If the patient did grow worse the Medicine Man found an excuse for it.

Now that the European doctor has become established in West Africa he has quickly been able to show that what is wanted for the healing of Yaws is not the spells and brews of magic but iodide of potassium and boric acid, with one or other stronger disinfectant when the disease is on the mend.

With these he can work lightning cures, and with them he has not only cured the patient but killed the Medicine Man.

GREAT WEEK AT FOXLEASE

Imperial Guide Camp

At a time when Scouting and Guiding are spreading to the far ends of the Earth, carrying their messages of sisterhood and brotherhood to even the tiniest countries of the world, the Guides of the British Empire have hailed with joy the announcement of an Imperial Camp for Guiders which is to be held at Foxlease, the British Home of Guiding.

The camp will be held from July 11 to July 19. During this time there will be talks on various subjects and a certain amount of training in Guide work. There will also be training for the Camper's Licence and the Campcraft Badge. There will be no question of delegates to the camp. It is intended for any overseas Guiders who happen to be in England this summer.

A Talk by the Chief Scout

It is hoped every county in the kingdom will take advantage of the fact that it is allowed to send one Guider to the camp, including those in official positions, and counties are asked to give preference to those who have not before been representatives at a World or Imperial Camp.

Also, it is hoped the camp will represent each branch of Guiding. The Treasurer will be chosen from the Extension (Disabled) Guides, the Canteenmonger will be supplied by the Brownies (future Guides), the Postmistress will be a Lone Guide (one not able to work with a local company), and the Press Reporter will be a Post (cripple) Guide. The Sea Guides and the Rangers will help on various groups.

Princess Mary has consented to visit the camp one day, and the Chief Guide, Lady Baden-Powell, will be there all the time. On the Sunday the Chief Scout will come down to give a talk.

TALISMANS

An Inquiry From Benin

It is pleasant to think that the C.N.'s pages are scanned in the far corners of the Earth, and pleasant to know that in one of them, which lies in the shadow of Benin City, Nigeria, a reader is informed that the C.N.'s Editor deals mostly in the sciences.

But it is a little embarrassing to him to be further told that he knows all the dealers in reliable Occultism, Hypnotism, Phrenology, and some other things of this sort. He would rather say that what he knows of some of these dealers shows them to be far from reliable.

Nevertheless this reader of the C.N. who dwells by the Bight of Benin in West Africa has the best of reasons for his inquiry. He desires to sit for an examination, and he wishes to know the cost of a Talisman. Being cautious as well as ambitious, he does not want to send money to the dealers in Occultism, Phrenology, and Hypnotism till he hears that the C.N. thinks well of them. But with such an assurance he would go bravely in for his examination, supported by the Talisman. And are there, he asks, other Talismans and Sciences; and what is the cost of them?

The C.N. is sorrowfully unable to help anyone to talismans of this occult kind. The only talisman for examinations is to work hard beforehand at the subjects set in them, and in West Africa we are sure that Occultism and Phrenology and Hypnotism are not included by the examiners.

So, thanking our West African inquirer for his confidence in our powers (as he thanks us in anticipation for an early reply), there remains no more to be said except that the C.N. will not otherwise disappoint him.

A STAMP AND WHAT IT DID

A Child's Kiss to the Sun

200 MILLION COPIES OF A BRIGHT IDEA

There is no longer a single school in France in which the fact that every three minutes a Frenchman dies of consumption is not known.

It is doubtless this terrifying death-rate that has recently brought about the sale of a stamp to help in fighting the dreaded disease, a sale which in a few days produced nearly £120,000.

The scheme originated in America, where between 1905 and 1915 the sale of such a health stamp produced four million pounds; and after ten years the number of deaths was reduced from 198 to 95 in 100,000.

During the war the Rockefeller Foundation formed a committee of help for consumptive soldiers, and the results of its labours were so encouraging that in 1918 some people in France wished to continue the good work of the Americans. This was done, and proved an enormous success, the twenty anti-consumption dispensaries that were started in 1918 having increased to six hundred by the beginning of this year.

What the Doctor Saw

But how were the funds to extend this good work to be obtained? The adoption of the American stamp scheme was the decision arrived at, and artists submitted suggestions for a design. With some lack of enthusiasm a choice had nearly been made when a doctor who is a member of the society which organises the good work happened to be giving a lecture in a certain school, and was invited to visit the various classrooms.

In crossing the drawing school his eye happened to fall on the work of one of the pupils, and on making inquiries he was told that it was a design for the anti-consumption campaign stamp.

Most Suitable Design

The design represented a child throwing a kiss to the Sun, the vanquisher of the microbe, and the doctor, in great excitement, declared that nothing more suitable for the purpose could be found. The artist is a little girl of 13, Emmanuelle Yard, and her drawing has been reproduced more than two hundred million times.

The sale of the anti-consumption stamp will be repeated in France every year and large sums be collected, but something more than money will remain. It is an enormous step in the fight against consumption, a fight more worthy of our best efforts than any campaign against a human enemy.

A BOTTLE'S LONG STORY

The Farthest Drifting Known

Authentic records of bottle drifts are always interesting to students of the tides, and a question has arisen as to which is the longest known.

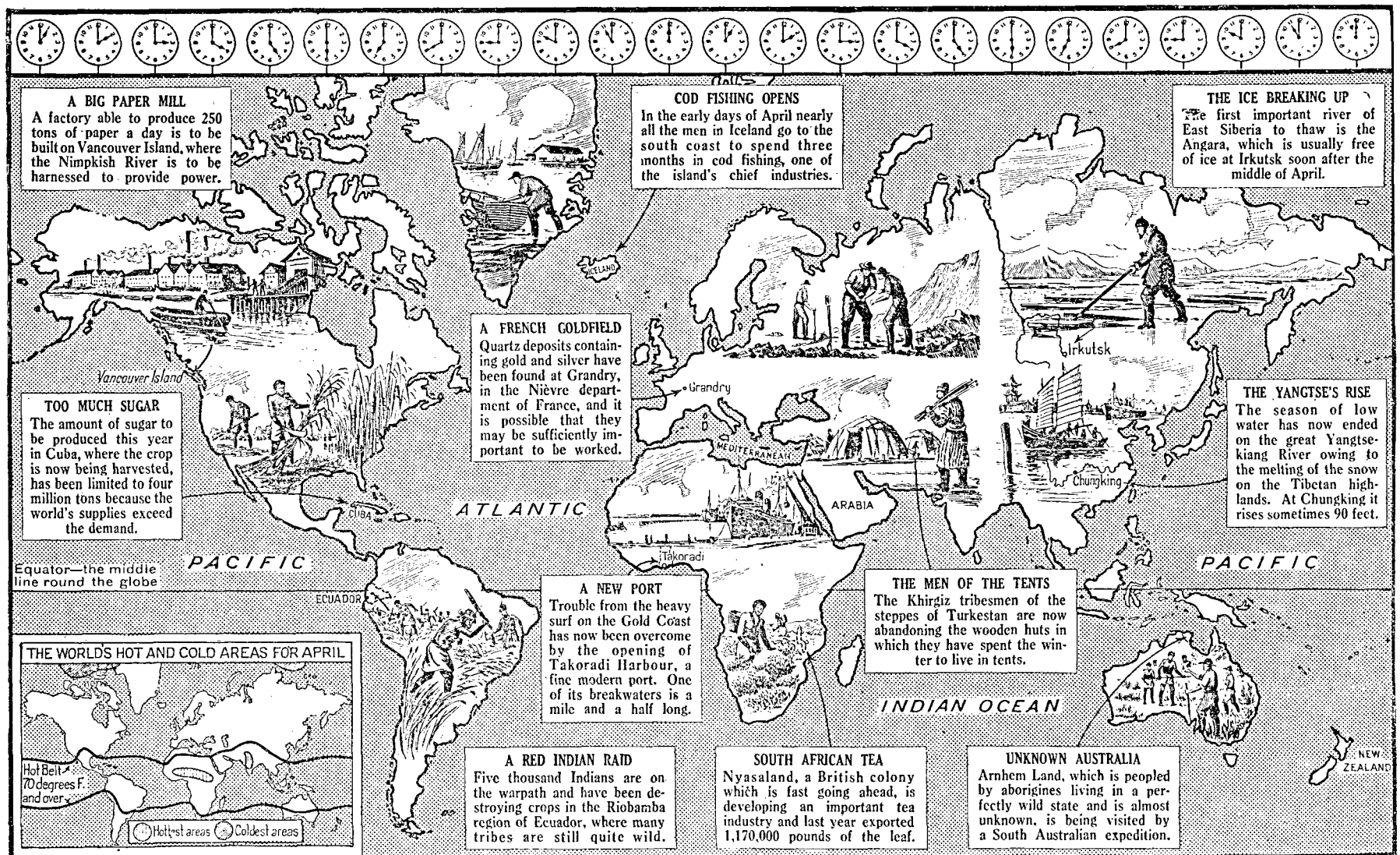
Mr. H. P. Adams probably holds the record. In 1903, on a trip from London to Melbourne, he put a message overboard on the fringe of the Antarctic, south of Kerguelen. Three years later it was picked up on the Wellington Islands off the coast of Chile.

The bottle had navigated itself just half round the globe, covering 7000 miles easterly, roughly speaking along the 50th parallel.

The Hydrographic Department of the Admiralty stated that this was the longest authentic bottle drift of which they had any record.



PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



OLD BILL AND THE PIGEONS

The Friends That Will Not Go

If the pigeons of St. Paul's ever joked they would perhaps exchange a wink whenever they saw the City ratcatcher approaching. Mr. William Dalton, who occupies that post, was commissioned to reduce their numbers, but already he surmises that they know him well enough to coo "Old Bill" to one another when they see him and to signal a retreat till he has gone.

From the safe altitude of the Cathedral's portico they watch him as he spreads his nets (for in vain is the net spread in the eyes of any bird) and defer their morning meal till the City toilers and the pigeon's sympathisers arrive at the West Front about nine in the morning. The public being there, all their hearts with the pigeons, the operations of Mr. Dalton and his assistant ratcatchers are of so little use that they soon come to an end.

Mr. Dalton remarks that as objects for the practice of his art he prefers rats. Give me rats, he says, and let the pigeons have their liberty.

Londoners will be inclined to agree with him. The pigeons are a nuisance, but they have been welcomed so long that they are almost citizens. Apart from that they have wings, and while that tactical advantage remains to them nothing will drive them forth except a failure of the food supply or the arrival of some other winged visitors to share it. Perhaps the newcomer will be the starling, which comes into winter quarters in London in the autumn in flocks of thousands. At the British Museum, which is the latest roosting-place favoured by the starling, their shrill cries are deafening in the March evenings. It is not a musical noise, but it is perhaps their Spring Song of departure.

THE DOG IN SEARCH OF ITS MASTER

A True Story From Rugby

How little we know of the impulses that move our animal friends! Here is a little problem as to a dog's action.

A reader of the C.N. who has a shop had closed it for a half-holiday and was busy inside when she heard the letter-box gently rattled. Going to the door she found only a dog. It gazed at her wistfully and inquiringly, but after a kindly word the door was closed again. In a few moments the noise began again, and went on till there was no course open but to go to the door once more. There sat the dog. It would not go away.

Then the thought came that, though the dog was not known, it might be that it was accustomed to come in with its master, and that it was looking for him in likely places. So the door was opened, whereupon in came the dog, looked all round, and then calmly went away satisfied.

Surely that dog was acting on a plan of its own.

THE ENGINE-DRIVER'S SON

It used to be said that no one could become a member of the British Diplomatic Service unless he had private means and the sort of education only enjoyed by a rich man's son.

But now we know that it is not true, for it has been revealed that the first secretary at the British Legation in Bucharest is the son of an engine-driver.

Robert George Howe went to a council school, and won two scholarships. He served in the Sherwood Foresters during the war, and was wounded and taken prisoner at the Dardanelles. After the war he passed an entrance examination for the Diplomatic Service.

An engine-driver's son has become a diplomat, but no diplomat's son has yet become an engine-driver—and so many have wanted to! Equality of opportunity is still a dream.

CHILDREN'S CONCERTS

The Best of Our Music

By a Correspondent

The music of our English composer Arthur Bliss was a wonderful addition to the programme of the last Children's Concert at Westminster. He has called this piece *Rout*, meaning revelry, and every bar is full of gaiety, life, and spirit. All the morning it seemed that I sat and let beautiful sounds pour over me.

What is more, the music is quite modern, for Arthur Bliss, though many may not know it, is still alive and busy composing. So now we know that the music of our own time can be thoroughly enjoyed by young people as well as grown-ups. This was the first up-to-date piece to be played at these concerts.

All the artistes who play at Westminster declare that they enjoy playing to these audiences of children better than to all the grown-ups in the world, but then we know that every true artiste has a childlike simplicity tucked away somewhere.

When Mr. Harold Samuel had finished playing the lovely piano part of the *Bach concerto* I knew he had never played it better. Children love what is good and true in music, as in everything else; that is why the programmes of the Children's Concerts have the finest music that has ever been composed. Nothing less is good enough for our girls and boys.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest:

12 Delft blue-and-white dishes	£320
Lawrence's Pillars of Wisdom	£280
The Great Bible, printed in 1541	£190
An etching by Muirhead Bone	£160
Pair of George I silver caddies	£141
English and Welsh dictionary, 1547	£128
Pair of Queen Anne candlesticks	£119
First edition of Plutarch	£78

A French book containing reproductions of ornaments and MSS., which originally cost subscribers £1226, was sold for £215.

A CEREMONY BY TELEGRAPH

Sunday Morning Switches On Saturday Night

Over a century ago the Hudson Bay Company established Fort Vancouver on the Columbia River, and now the same Hudson Bay Company has set going a new electric lighting system in Vancouver City.

It is not often that a century-old city can call upon its founder to take part in its latest development, especially when, in the interval, it has changed its allegiance from one Sovereign State to another.

This particular Vancouver, not to be confused with Vancouver in British Columbia, stands close to the border between the States of Washington and Oregon, 100 miles from the mouth of the great Columbia River. But when it was founded it was part of the vast territory administered for Britain by the Hudson Bay Company, and it was only when the western part of the border between British North America and the United States was fixed that it became American.

When Fort Vancouver was founded its flagstaff was christened by the Governor of the Company himself, George Simpson; and now, when Vancouver City inaugurates its new electric lighting system, it is still the Governor of the Company, Mr. Charles Sale, who performs the ceremony of switching on the light.

Not that Mr. Sale has been visiting the Pacific Coast. The ceremony was performed in the Company's London Office at four o'clock on a Sunday morning. A through connection had been made over the telegraph wires, so that the switch in London controlled a switch in Vancouver 6000 miles away. At a touch in London Vancouver was flooded with light—not at 4 a.m. on Sunday but, marvel of marvels, at 8 p.m. on the previous Saturday night!

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

APRIL 14

1928

Spring Comes to the Country Lane

THE invitation of a country lane in these spring days is not easy to resist. It offers sanctuary, a place where we may loiter undisturbed. Hurry there is unseemly, and speed a folly.

There is much history in lanes. They carry us back to far-off days when wagon teams foundered deeply in unmade tracks, when pack-horses were used in transport, before trains or lorries had been dreamed of.

Nature down a lane is herself leisurely and wild. The hedger or ditcher is seldom seen there. It is uncut, untrimmed, undisturbed. We do not realise the wealth hidden in a lane until we begin to explore, but there are few better ways of studying Nature than to look into a lane and its contents. Flying over a lane in Kent the other day we saw five wild duck, and out from a hedge flew a gorgeous tree woodpecker.

A naturalist friend of ours used to set out in the morning and spend a whole day in one lane, searching for everything in it—flowers, butterflies, birds, moths, and snails, until he knew the lane intimately. Then he transferred his attention to some other lane and explored that. For lanes, of course, differ in character and gifts as people do. Along different lanes we find different sets of flowers. What grows profusely in one lane may not be found at all along some neighbouring way.

In that way, lane by lane, we may get to know the countryside, and when we want some particular flower we may know where to find it. In one lane our naturalist friend found more than forty kinds of snails, and we may easily find there as many different kinds of flowers.

Lanes have changing gifts with the changing seasons. In spring we find probably dog's mercury, celandine, marsh marigolds, primroses, and the little wild strawberry; later Nature's gardens will present other schemes, in which speedwells and camphors, stitchwort, crosswort, purple vetch, cow parsley, and silverweed, to say nothing of daisies and clover, will all figure. Exquisite effects are got with simple things. May blossoms and wild roses will flower there, and there the honeysuckles will climb out into the light and spill their fragrance.

If there are walls in the lane they also become wild gardens, and there are few more delightful things than stone walls breaking into blossom.

Is it not a great living poet of the East who says that God can open the whole Universe to our gaze in the narrow space of a country lane?



The Nelson Column as a Clothes Line

TRULY we are a wonderful people! It occurred to us again the other Sunday as we passed through Trafalgar Square.

There, on the plinth between the lions, a little man rampaged about shouting at the crowd with hands in their pockets and smiles on their faces. There were two or three other hot-heads on the plinth, a few policemen to see that no harm came to them, and above them all a great white sheet shrieking out, "British Imperialism Stop Murdering Chinese Workers."

There never was such rubbishy nonsense, and we lent them the Nelson Column to hang it on!

An Apology to Scotland

INJUSTICES to Ireland used to be so common that anyone might perpetrate them, but the C.N. never expected to put itself in the position of doing an injustice to Scotland. Yet that calamity seems to have occurred. The age of the nation has been understated by a hundred years!

It is a Scotswoman who calls our attention to the fact that the Treaty of Northampton was concluded at Edinburgh on March 17, 1328, and that by its provisions Scotland became an independent kingdom, not five centuries ago as the C.N. asserted in its gallant way, but six.

If Scotland had been a lady we need hardly have mentioned the matter, but for denying to a country like Scotland the claims of the highest antiquity there is no excuse. Nothing can be done but to apologise to Caledonia stern and wild.

Watch That Fly

THERE is a fly that Professor Morgan has been watching for years; it is the fruit fly, surnamed Drosophila. The professor began sixteen years ago, and has counted twenty millions of the breed!

Drosophila's name is now known all over the world wherever scientific men are trying to find out how many things children inherit from their grandparents or great-great-grandparents, and why they inherit them. Professor Morgan's pet fly has whispered a number of these secrets in his attentive ear.

We may say, therefore, that Drosophila is not only a fly that is counted, but a fly that counts. It has raised the status of the whole world of flies, of whom not much good is said and not many good deeds are known.

It shows that there is a use in the world for everything, or, at any rate, that as another great American naturalist said when a mosquito settled on his wrist and he brushed it patiently aside: *There is room in the world for all of us.*

THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Fall of Wembley

Wembley a few years ago was the pride of the Empire; this is what it has fallen to as the centre of the greyhound gambling craze.

GREYHOUND racing promoters take credit for providing a poor man's sport. This they do by arranging races which fill up about five minutes, leaving the rest of the evening to the bookmakers. These contribute to the entertainment by winning the poor man's money. The whole thing is a huge device to exploit gambling.

The Bishop of Liverpool

Tip-Cat

A TAILOR remarks that a vest should fit easily round the waist. Otherwise it is a bad investment.

EDITORS, we read, know more about life than most people. Anyhow, they write more about it.

THE Beauty Parlours have been quarrelling about beauty. The paint-deep sort, we suppose.

THE living expenses of Varsity undergraduates are said to be too high.

Consequently students can only get on by degrees.

A MONEYLENDER has written a novel. For lending libraries, probably.

THE local railway train is going the way of the sedan chair and the stage coach. And may get there first.

THE Sun, according to a scientist,

is a great doctor. But unregistered and (in this country) with no regular practice.

WE are said to be passing out of the age of steam. We hope ladies will give up the puff-puff.

MR. BIRD of America tells us he has taken the temperature of a ghost. He does not say if the ghost took his.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

AMONG the bequests to Liverpool Cathedral is £10,000 from a Jew.

OVER £60 has been sent to West Suffolk Hospital by friends of Dr. Goff Kilner instead of wreaths for his grave.

A PLAYGROUND has been given the children of Bedminster in commemoration of Alderman Robinson's golden wedding.

A TRAMP has taken to the Luton police a Treasury Note he picked up in the street.

ST. JOHN'S HOSPITAL at Twickenham has reached its jubilee without having been once in debt.

A Hero

AS we know, the business of a reporter is not of recent date; it has existed from the time of the first journalism, and, celebrating an anniversary of journalism, somebody has been recalling the name of Mathieu Donzelot, the first name remembered in the French newspaper world. This is what was being recalled of the famous old man and of the way he used to work.

In the morning, before leaving his room, old Father Donzelot used to consult the sky and the barometer; then he would take his stick, his writing-pad, and put down:

There is going to be rain. Today we shall have people crushed by slipping on the wet road and falling under cartwheels.

Or perhaps he would say:

It is stormy weather. We shall have to announce some cases of mental depression and hydrophobia.

Another day it would be:

Dark, foggy. Best weather to give the spleen; this is the day for suicides.

Shot Down at His Post

Once, when a riot was going on, Donzelot set himself in the midst of a hail of stones, pen in hand, to follow events. A friend called out warning him to leave, but, taking no notice, Donzelot took out his watch and continued to confirm, minute by minute, each phase of the progress of the riot.

"Are you not going to escape?" called out his friend again.

"God forbid," said Donzelot, "but, as you are going yourself, oblige me by giving this to the editor of my paper. You can tell him I am remaining on the spot, so as to send him the continuation."

An hour later the revolt was at its height, the insurgents and the authorities had come to blows. The National Guard began to fire, and the old reporter was hit by a shot, and fell. A surgeon came to his aid.

"You are wounded," said he.

"Yes," said Donzelot, "and deplorably, for I cannot write."

His Last Despatch

"What does it matter about writing?" objected the surgeon sharply; "the thing is to get you cured."

"That is not the most urgent necessity," replied Donzelot. "Everybody has his task; mine is to recount events. You are going to take my place. Take my pad and write this postscript at the bottom of the page:

Three-twenty p.m. As the result of a discharge of musketry by the troops we must deplore three wounded among the people and one death.

"Who is the person killed?" asked the surgeon.

"Myself," answered Donzelot, falling back dead.

He died on the field of battle, like Nelson aboard the Victory. He was the first hero in journalism.

Alas, how easily things go wrong! A sigh too deep, or a kiss too long.

George MacDonald

April 14, 1928

The Children's Newspaper

7

THE FIRST CHILD TO
HEAR OF ALICEHOW THE STORY CAME
FROM WONDERLANDLewis Carroll's Manuscript
Comes Into the Auction Rooms

A PROFESSOR'S IMMORTALITY

The manuscript of *Alice in Wonderland* has reached the auction rooms of Messrs. Sotheby and has drawn attention once again to the fact that the original Alice to whom the tale was told is still among us.

The fairy tale told under a hayrick on a hot summer afternoon nearly 66 years ago by a shy scholar of Oxford, amusing a little girl of seven called Alice, is surely one of the most fascinating wonder stories ever told.

"Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank and of having nothing to do: once or twice she peeped into the book her sister was reading, but it had no pictures or conversations in it, and where is the use of a book, thought Alice, without pictures or conversations?"

A Mysterious Parcel

And the very next Christmas after that happy river excursion, when Alice had listened, wide-eyed, to her dear friend Professor Dodgson making up the maddest, gladdest bit of nonsense ever imagined, all about a rabbit, with pink eyes, that actually took a watch out of its waistcoat pocket and looked at it, along came a mysterious parcel addressed to Miss Alice Liddell. When unwrapped it looked like a beautiful book, bound in morocco.

When the excited little girl opened this volume she found it was not an ordinary printed book, but one all written by hand in clear print characters, with extraordinary delicacy of penmanship, and full of the most delightful pen-and-ink drawings.

In Memory of a Summer Day

On the first of the 92 pages was a lovely illuminated title, "*Alice's Adventures Under Ground*," and this dedication: "A Christmas Gift to a dear child in memory of a Summer Day." Pasted at the foot of the last page was a real photograph of Alice herself!

How delighted Alice was! When she grew old enough to read she was able to live over and over again that happy July day in 1862, and every time she read it the fairy tale grew more wonderful.

Was ever such an immortal gift bestowed upon any little girl? For, as time went on, *Alice in Wonderland* proved to be the greatest work of all the creations the nimble, fantastic brain of the retiring Oxford mathematician gave to the world. He wrote many books, but none other with the charm and humanity of this wonderful fairy tale, written down and illustrated for the sake of one fortunate child.

Sharing Her Joy

Nearly twenty years after, when Alice, who was the second daughter of Dean Liddell, of Christ Church, Oxford, had grown up and become Mrs. Reginald Hargreaves, she received a letter from the lifelong friend of her childhood days, asking for the loan of the Christmas gift he had sent her so long ago. He wanted to have the manuscript reproduced so that other little friends might enjoy the story of Alice.

Of course the real Alice was delighted to share her joy, and in the next letter she received, on March 7, 1885, the author wrote:

"Many thanks for your permission—the greatest care shall be taken of the MS. (I am gratified at your making that a condition!). My own wishes would be distinctly against reproducing the photograph."

Soon Professor Dodgson wrote:

After casting about among various photographers I seem at last to have found the

CHARLES SHELDON WILL DRAW NO MORE

STANLEY WOOD will draw no more, we were saying the other day; now Charles Sheldon will draw no more. His gentle and most useful life has ended for this world.

He was by his birth an American, though nobody would have thought it, for he had been part of our picture journalism since the days when it began to be the thing it is. He was working for the Editor of the C.N. long before the C.N. was thought of; he was roaming about the battlefields long before the Great War threw its evil shadow over the world.

Out in South Africa in the days of Cecil Rhodes he found a great friend in Mr. Leo Weinthal, one of the familiar figures of Fleet Street since this century began. Mr. Weinthal made him Art Editor of his *African World*, and gave him a commission to illustrate one of the biggest African books ever published, the *Story of the Cape to Cairo Railway*.

"In far-away America," Mr. Leo Weinthal writes, "a venerable old mother in her nineties is deeply mourning the passing of a model son, for Charles Sheldon was one of those. A lovable and unselfish man, his passing is a grievous blow to us all."

For nearly ten years Mr. Sheldon suffered from a painful internal illness. He bore his pain unflinchingly and worked on. His heroic spirit kept company with a cheerful mind and a generous, willing heart. Many of the pictures he drew for the C.N. and its companion papers were the work of a man in pain. Little does the public know the price that is sometimes paid to give it what it wants. Not many weeks ago the time for one more operation came, and Charles Sheldon wrote to Leo Weinthal, "I am going into the hospital tomorrow; probably this is the end or the end." It was the end.

Yet not the end, for there is no end to a good man's life. On and on it goes, and the work of good Charles Sheldon is everywhere about the world. He has friends in three continents who will mourn him, and it has been one of our delights to send his pictures into every country in the world where they will give delight for years and years to come. The picture of Lewis Carroll on this page was drawn by him.

The best thing we can say of him, as he was born in another land, is that he seemed to us always very like an English gentleman.

ALICE HEARS OF WONDERLAND



The manuscript of *Alice in Wonderland* appeared in Sotheby's auction rooms the other day. The author, Lewis Carroll (who was really Professor Dodgson of Oxford), first told the story to the three daughters of Dean Liddell, as shown in this picture. Later he wrote it out and gave it as a present to one of the girls, the real Alice, who is still living. See first column.

man who will reproduce *Alice's Adventures Under Ground* in really first-rate style. He has brought his things to Oxford, and I am having all the photographs taken in my own studio, so that no one touches the MS. book except myself. By this method I hope to be able to return it to you in as good a condition as when you so kindly lent it to me, or even better, if you will allow me to have it rebound before returning it. May I? (an offer fortunately declined).

The letter goes on to discuss the disposal of the profits, which was decided in a letter dated November 6, 1886.

Would you mind me extending the benefits of the profits (if any) of *Alice Under Ground* to hospitals for children? You suggested Homes only.

The manuscript came back to Mrs. Hargreaves as good as ever, and since then she has received copies of editions of the book printed all over the world.

And now the real Alice, who is still alive, a dear old lady living very quietly in a charming house at Lyndhurst, in the New Forest, has decided that all these precious treasures of hers shall be sold.

GOVERNMENT
FORCED TO DO RIGHT
WILL WOMEN DO RIGHT
ALSO?An Astonishing Thing That
Happened in the House of Lords
GREAT BLOW AT THE CRUELTY
OF FASHION

No more astonishing debate has ever been held in Parliament than that which took place in the House of Lords on the second reading of the Bill for preventing the sale in this country of plumage that has been illegally imported.

Here was a Bill designed to uphold the law, and to do something so good that no one could say one word against its purpose. Everyone who spoke said that the aim of the Bill was entirely good, and had his sympathy. What the Bill tried to do ought to be done. And yet the Government moved its rejection. Everyone who hates cruelty to animals ought to know exactly what happened in that debate.

Shops to Avoid

The plumage which decorates women's hats is procured by methods that are revoltingly cruel. Any woman who knows how cruel it is and yet buys and wears this plumage must be utterly heartless. But many do not know, or are forgetful or thoughtless, and so the trade goes on. The best way of ending it is for every woman to refuse to adorn herself with cruelty, and to avoid in disgust the shops which insult her by offering feathers torn from live birds. But still the brutal business goes on.

Nearly seven years ago an Act was passed stopping the importation of plumage procured by cruelty, but as there were stores of such plumage already in the country the Act of 1921 did not prohibit the sale of plumage already here. It only made future importation illegal.

Breaking the Law

Nearly seven years have now passed and still the trade has continued, and does continue, presumably by working up old feathers. It is quite certain that much of the plumage used is not so old. It has been smuggled into the country, and its use shows that the Act of 1921 has been evaded. Is this disgusting trade to be further carried on by breaking the Law of 1921 which was made against it? For that is what has been happening.

The design of the new Bill is to force sellers of illegal plumage to prove it was in the country before 1921. To this the Government objected. Their view was that if the Customs officials had failed to discover the smuggled goods the secret buyers of these goods must not be asked to prove they had made an honest purchase. This method of making the way of the transgressor easy was described by the Archbishop of Canterbury as "almost pitiable."

The Government to Investigate

So completely was the Government view overwhelmed by Lord Danesfort, Lord Buckmaster, and the Archbishop that the Government withdrew its opposition till they have investigated how much illegal importation there has been. This information they propose to get from the Customs authorities, who, in making their estimate, will be saying how much illegal trade they have failed to detect. It is known that much plumage has been smuggled in. The Customs themselves seized 136,000 bird skins in 1924 in one haul, and in 1925 seized feathers valued at £1555 concealed in a crate of Japanese screens. Who can know what the Customs missed? The law says there must be no smuggling, but the Government threatens to oppose the one step that would stop it. The C.N. never denounces Governments for Party reasons, but it protests in the name of humanity against the feebleness and the wrong of the Government's handling of this question.

THE ARRIVAL ON A SILENT ISLAND

A Family and Its Southern Kingdom

RULERS OF COCOS ISLANDS

Most boys and girls will remember reading of the Cocos Islands, where the Emden was at last outwitted by the Australian cruiser Sydney.

There has lately been celebrated by the Clunies-Ross family the centenary of their ownership of this group of coral islands. How they came into their possession reads as much like a romance as the story of the Emden.

Over a hundred years ago the adventurous John Clunies-Ross, great-grandfather of the present owner of Cocos, landed on one of these islands. With him were Alexander Hare, of London, and 165 Malays, Hindus, and Chinese.

Chief Misuses His Power

No human eyes were watching them from hiding-places as they arrived; there was none of the fighting with savages of which we read in story-books. The islands were silent and they were uninhabited.

Soon after these people had settled down, however, there was a fight of a different kind. It was a tussle between good and evil, and, luckily for the islanders, good prevailed. Suddenly finding himself an island chief, Alexander Hare tried to misuse his power, and to live like an Eastern prince, having many wives and slaves. But John Clunies-Ross had high ideals, and he would have none of this. They quarrelled, and Hare sailed away to Singapore.

Isles of Bliss

Clunies-Ross then claimed the islands as his property, and since then they have been governed by members of his family. Their administration was so successful that in 1886 the British Government granted them possession of the Cocos Islands for ever.

By their enterprise John George, son of the first ruler, and his eldest son in turn, did much for the prosperity of the islands, setting up an important copra industry. When he died in 1910 George Clunies-Ross left a fortune of £200,000.

The chief secret of the present happiness of the islanders, who now number 700, is that these fortunate Isles of Bliss have no alcohol, no policemen—and no tax-collectors.

MOTHERING SUNDAY

Old Custom Being Revived

Mothering Sunday has come and gone once more.

With a movable Easter it is not easy for all of us to remember which is Mid-Lent Sunday; it will be easier when we get Easter fixed.

It was the day when people gathered to worship in the mother church of their district, especially in the Cathedral Church of the diocese; and it was the day when the apprentice boys of the guilds, the girls out at service, and the youths and maidens engaged in farm work away from home, were given a holiday to take presents to their mothers.

Naturally these two customs tended to combine. The reunited families went together to the church and sat there together as they had sat before they were dispersed. It was the festival of the family.

There is a growing movement in the Anglican Church for the revival of the old festival in both church and home. It is called the Mothering Sunday Movement, and its headquarters are at Nottingham.

Queen Mary, herself the best of mothers, has given us this motto for Mothering Sunday: "Being good to your mother will make you happier than anything else in the world."

THE OLD LADY AND HER SPECTACLES

"I shall only be a few minutes," said the Country Girl. "I just want to buy a bottle of ink."

But she was so long that her friend and the two dogs looked very black when at last she came out of the shop.

It was not her fault. There is only one small stationer in this little East Anglian town, and the owner was fully occupied with an old lady who wanted to buy a birthday card for a soldier son in India.

She was a big, rosy old body, and had evidently come in with the carrier. Her string bag bulged with groceries, but the most important purchase remained to be made.

Reading All the Cards

After gazing at a tray of gay cards for some time she selected one and said: "Would you read it for me, my dear? I've left my spectacles at home." The shopkeeper read:

*Though far away and lost to view,
Dear Father, I remember you.*

"Ah, that's no good!" the old lady said. "What does this one say?" It said:

*May blessings light your natal day,
May roses ever strew your way,
May woe and sickness draw not near,
This wish is mine, my sister dear.*

At last, when she had heard every card read once, and some twice, the old lady chose a nice glossy one with forget-me-nots and blue birds and affectionate poetry. When she had paid her twopence and gone, the shopkeeper turned to the Country Girl and said: "I'm sorry to keep you, miss. It's quite funny the number of people we get (especially at Christmas-time) who say they have left their spectacles at home."

The Shame of It

Then for the first time the Country Girl understood. It was not true. The old lady had no spectacles. *She could not read.*

In the country there are still old people to be found who cannot read or write, and oh, the shame of it! They would not tell a lie about anything else; they are honest, upright people; but they cannot confess that written words are mysteries to them. And so, poor old bodies, they are always "forgetting" their spectacles, and a dear little grandchild writes their letters for them.

A DREAM TURNED INTO BRICKS AND MORTAR

A Good Chance for Working Women

Eight years ago a dream turned into bricks and mortar. Factory girls and cooks and shop assistants who had hungered and thirsted after education discovered that it lay within their reach. The Residential College for Working Women opened at Beckenham.

There were probably scoffers who said that working women did not want education, but the venture has been so successful that the college is now moving to bigger quarters. It is to be called Hillcroft College, Surbiton.

Employers, students, and the Prime Minister have all praised the work of the college. The course at Hillcroft takes 12 months, and is open to women of 21 and over. Its aim is to broaden the student's outlook and extend her general knowledge.

It is interesting to know that most of the students return to their old work. But the women who go back to kitchens and factories go back changed women, for they have been made free of the world of books, of picture galleries, of museums, and of music. Most important of all, they have made friends with women who share the same aspirations and ideals.

It is small wonder that they return happier and more efficient, and that employers often pay the college fees.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Gathered by

Nottingham has still 5000 back-to-back houses.

Summer Time begins in France at midnight on April 14.

Part of an old Danish church, familiar in legend, has fallen down a cliff into the sea at Højrup.

A squirrel's nest with three baby squirrels was found in an elephant's saddle stored away at the Zoo.

Hundreds of dead guillemots have been washed ashore on the Devon coast saturated with oil.

A famous monastery at Oliva, where a peace treaty was signed in 1660, has become the historical museum of Danzig.

A Goldfish Rescued

A goldfish in its bowl was rescued by a fireman amid the cheers of a large crowd in Lambeth the other day.

Moving a Burns Memorial

Dalkeith Town Council is to remove a Burns Memorial fountain from the High Street to a more secluded place.

A Cat's Long Walk

A cat sent from Rutland to a friend in Suffolk walked a hundred miles home again.

Safe After 40-Foot Fall

A stone-worker who fell 40 feet from the roof of the London Hippodrome was saved by the pluck of one of his mates, who managed to break his fall.

Europe's Coal Last Year

The coal produced in Britain last year was 252 million tons; the quantity over all Europe, outside Britain, was 344 millions.

The Mauretania's New Propeller

A new propeller now being made for the Mauretania will weigh eighteen tons, but will be so well balanced that it can be turned with a little finger.

Famous Astronomer Dead

British astronomy has lost one of its best-known figures by the death of Mr. Edward Maunder, who was on the staff of Greenwich Observatory for half a century.

Unknown Benefactors

The three generous benefactors to the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, whose names are unknown, have brought their total contributions up to £100,000, and the extensions are to be proceeded with.

Sheffield and Its Houses

Sheffield had 16,000 back-to-back houses at the end of the war. Large numbers of them have now been altered into through-houses, and 6000 new houses have been built.

The Little Red Box

On the Glasgow trams is a little red box in which fares are dropped by passengers leaving before the conductor has collected their fares. In the last seven months there has been collected in one of these boxes over £736.

EMPIRE'S NEW HARBOUR

Great Gold Coast Enterprise

Britain has flourishing and progressive colonies in West Africa, but hitherto they have been without a proper harbour.

Now that lack has been repaired, for Mr. J. H. Thomas, Colonial Secretary in the last British Government, has just opened the new harbour at Takoradi, on the Gold Coast.

The harbour was begun five years ago and has cost four million pounds. Its two breakwaters are together two and a half miles long and enclose 200 acres, two million tons of granite having been used to build them.

Over a quarter of a million tons of cocoa, half the world's supply, are exported annually from the Gold Coast, to say nothing of nearly half a million tons of manganese ore, and gold and diamonds galore. So it is time there was a harbour.

See World Map

THE PRIDE OF THE BORDERLINE

Should We Re-Group Our Counties?

A PROPOSAL THAT WILL NOT BE POPULAR

Pride in county ranks only second to national loyalty in England.

Whether it is the rivalry of the cricket championship or the deeper love of a well-known place, it is felt by young and old alike, this joy in being of Yorkshire, or Sussex, or of Devon.

It is, therefore, largely on sentimental grounds that opposition could be made to a suggestion for the regrouping of the areas of this country which has been quoted by two lecturers at Liverpool University in their new book on the Social Structure of England and Wales.

Dividing the Country

There has already been talk of dividing the country into geographical regions, so that the dividing lines should not cut across ranges of hills or across valleys; but this would mean so great a change that it is not an idea likely to make much headway.

The regrouping as explained by Mr. Carr-Saunders and Mr. Caradoc-Jones would not be so drastic in its effect. This would mean that tracts of country would be allotted to the industrial and agricultural provinces to which they belong. Thus the people of Lancashire and Cheshire who are concerned with similar industries might become the people of Lancastria, the people of Sussex might become members of the Metropolitan province with London as the capital, and Worcestershire men might belong to the West Midlands. The table published gives eleven provinces for England and Wales.

The Good Points

All this change, if it were effected suddenly, would mean a great expense and a great deal of planning, as well as cause some confusion to us all. But it would have its good points, for the work of an area could be centralised and more simply arranged. The coal-mining in the North, the metals and pottery of the Midlands, the agriculture of the West, would all be under their own authorities.

It is actually true that these provinces are in a sense recognised and used unofficially by such national associations as the trade unions, and, no doubt, they will be used more and more, but it will be a long time before the change can be officially possible.

FOLLOWED BY AN ELEPHANT

A Queer Tale From the Bush

When a stray dog follows you about it is very embarrassing, but how much worse is your plight when you are followed about by a stray elephant!

Mr. John Boyes, the well-known explorer and elephant hunter, has just been relating how a wild African elephant calf tried to adopt him. It was strange, because he had just slaughtered its mother, not knowing of the young one's existence. It soon came trumpeting out of the bush and walked right up to the hunter.

"It was so small that I could not shoot it," says Mr. Boyes, "and it at once made friends with me in the most remarkable manner, following me into the camp, where, for some time, I could not get rid of it by any means. We had to keep it for the night. The next day we put it on the track of the herd again, and this time it disappeared, for which I was very thankful."

There is something absurd and pathetic in the thought of a young elephant clamouring for the protection and petting we offer a stray kitten. Surely the hunter regretted the shot that made the poor calf an orphan!

THE JUBILEE OF OUR YOUNGEST COLONY

Cyprus. Under the Flag A LONG TALE WITH MANY CHAPTERS

Britain's youngest colony is celebrating its jubilee this year.

It is not its jubilee as a colony, for the decree giving Cyprus the status of a colony is less than three years old. Nor is it the jubilee of Cyprus as a British possession, for it was only annexed when Turkey joined Germany three months after the outbreak of the Great War. What is being celebrated is the fiftieth anniversary of the transfer of the island from Turkish to British administration, a transfer which left the Sultan its nominal sovereign up to the time when he took sides against us.

The Island's Story

Half a century of British rule seems to take us a long way back. It is one-sixth of the whole span of Turkish domination in Cyprus, yet it is but as a day in the island's long story.

In the Stone Age she was almost naught. In the Bronze Age she was great. In the Iron Age she was naught again. Because she had a notable store of copper embedded in her soil the Bronze Age brought her for 2000 years a flourishing civilisation and a great population. Because she had practically no iron the Iron Age brought a relapse back into barbarism.

Then, after a time of Assyrian rule under King Sargon, came Greek and Phoenician colonisation. Then Egypt ruled, then Persia, then Macedon, then Egypt again under the Ptolemys. Then Rome took Cyprus in payment of the Ptolemy debts, and soon Herod was farming her copper mines and Barnabas of Cyprus was preaching with Paul.

The Last Change

Byzantium succeeded Rome, and her long reign was interrupted only by Arab invasions under Othman and the famous (and infamous) Haroun-al-Raschid. An interval of tyranny under home-grown princes was ended by our Richard the First, who sold the island to the Knights Templars. These in their turn sold out to the Christian King of Jerusalem, who gave Cyprus a dynasty of kings for 300 years. To them succeeded the Venetian Republic till the Turks took possession, to yield in turn to Britain.

The rejoicings of the islanders at this latest change was only equalled by the enthusiasm with which they exchanged Turkish for British citizenship on the annexation at the beginning of the Great War. The final step was taken three years ago, when the British High Commissioner became the Governor with a legislature and council to help him.

JACK AND BRUCE

One Taken, the Other Left

Jack and Bruce have always been the best of friends. Difference of social standing has made no breach between them, though at first Jack's people being well-to-do were inclined to turn up their noses when he brought Bruce home.

However, that kind of feeling passed away and for years Bruce became a welcome visitor. Then Jack injured his leg, and Bruce, like a good friend, came to see him every day, and stopped quite a long time.

Jack's leg did not improve as it should have done; indeed, blood poisoning set in, and before his people knew what was happening he was dead. Bruce was inconsolable, and when Jack was buried Bruce paid daily visits to his friend's grave trying in his way to show his affection for his lost friend.

Jack was a terrier, and Bruce is a retriever.

FROM LEICESTER SQUARE TO THE OVAL

An Old School Moves a Little Way

THE ARCHBISHOP WHO CROWNED QUEEN ANNE

Another London school is moving out to healthier surroundings, although it will remain in the London area.

The famous Archbishop Tenison's School is being transplanted from Leicester Square to the Oval, Kennington Park, and thus another link with the past will disappear from Old London.

It was in 1685 that Archbishop Tenison founded the school, with a library above it for the use of scholars and clergy and students. This is said to have been London's first public library.

As one of the consequences of the South Sea Bubble disaster much of the endowment of the school was lost, but matters were improved in 1861, when the library, with many valuable manuscripts, was sold to reinforce the school funds.

Hogarth's House

The school had its first move in 1874, from Castle Street, Leicester Square, to a new building in the Square itself, erected on the site of Hogarth's house. The building is still known as Hogarth's House, but actually the artist's old home was pulled down in 1869.

At one time Archbishop Tenison was rector of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and he seems to have been as good a parish priest as any of his modern successors. Earlier in his career he distinguished himself by his heroism during the plague at Cambridge. As Archbishop he crowned Queen Anne and George the First, and it was largely owing to his influence that the Hanoverians became kings of England.

According to Swift the Archbishop's sense of dignity outweighed his sense of humour, for he seems to have considered merriment among the clergy as unseemly, and he did not approve of a parson playing whist. But, be that as it may, he did much to improve the conditions of the life of his period, and many generations of boys have been helped by the splendid education they received at the school he endowed.

THE HORRIBLE TRAP Something We Can All Do

We are glad to see that the Canine Defence League (Secretary, Mr. C. R. Johns, Victoria Station House, S.W.1) is seeking support for a petition against the steel-toothed trap which is still being used to catch rabbits. Mr. Johns will forward petition forms to anyone who will undertake to obtain signatures for securing the abolition of this instrument of torture.

That such a horrible trap has been allowed to remain in use so long is amazing. It rends and crushes the limb of the unfortunate animal caught by it, and the pain it must cause is too terrible to think of. Nothing would warrant the use of such cruelty against any animal; but there is no need whatever for such a trap against rabbits, who can always be painlessly netted where they become too numerous.

We hope the Canine Defence League will receive abundance of help in obtaining signatures. It is not only rabbits that are caught; wandering dogs and cats suffer the same cruel fate from time to time.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Kerguelen Kerg-c-len
Nyasa Ne-ahs-sah
Riobamba Re-o-bahm-bah
Vega Ve-gah

SIXTEEN HUNDRED SAD LIVES BRIGHTENED

A Good Deed of the League

THE KIND HOUSE IN ALEPPO

"More exciting than a story-book" would be a true description of a piece of work done through the aid of the League of Nations and brought to a close last autumn.

It is a story of lost children finding homes, of small boys saved from slavery, of young girls rescued from degradation, of imprisoned women set free.

The story is laid in Aleppo, in Syria. There, for more than five years, has been a League of Nations house, set up and kept going by the League with the full support and sympathy of the French authorities, who administer this mandated territory.

The Poor Armenians

When the house was first brought into use, seven long years had passed since these poor people, the Christians of Armenia, had been deported from their own country into the land of the Moslems. Though a great number had become resigned to their hard fate and had settled down, many of them just stayed where they were, friendless and unhappy, either because they were kept by force or because they believed that all their own people were dead and that there was no place to which to go.

Then there filtered through to them the wonderful news that there was at last, in Aleppo, a haven of security where they could find protection from pursuers and a home where they could be cared for until they could either get into touch with their own relatives or take care of themselves.

Friends to be Trusted

No persuasion was used to entice them away. They had to decide for themselves whether they would leave the houses where they were detained or not, and they often ran a considerable risk in doing so. But, the first step taken, they knew that they had friends to help them on, friends whom they could trust and by whom they would never be abandoned.

No attempt was made to break up friendly relations or to disturb family life where they had been treated kindly. Only those were rescued who could not adapt themselves to their alien surroundings and so were profoundly unhappy and disheartened.

"This," says the Danish lady who has been the guiding spirit of the work, "accounts for the comparatively small number rescued."

We can hardly agree that the number is small when we learn that more than 1600 people have been rescued—one for every weekday of those five years!

FORTY MILES AN HOUR OVER THE SEA Trying to Reach It

The C.N. was telling its readers the other day how impossible it would be with present-day machinery to drive a ship at 40 nautical miles an hour through the sea without such tremendous engines that there would be no room left for cargo or passengers.

There is, however, a boat, invented by a French engineer, Adrian Remy, which actually makes this enormous speed. A full-sized vessel for crossing from Cherbourg to New York is actually under construction; it will be driven by petrol engines, and will be provided with a wireless installation. It cannot, however, be looked upon as anything more than an experiment; even though the intrepid inventor may glide across the Atlantic it will not mean that the 40-knot liner is any nearer.

BRILLIANT VEGA

THE BRIGHTEST NORTHERN STAR

Wonderful Eclipse of One Sun by Another

NEXT WEEK'S METEORS

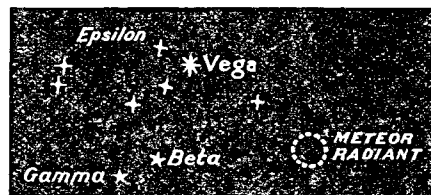
By the C.N. Astronomer

The brilliant Vega may now be found in the north-east sky in the evening, about a third of the way from the horizon toward overhead, between nine and ten o'clock.

Being by far the brightest star in that part of the heavens it will be easily identified with the aid of our star map of the constellation of Lyra, the Lyre.

Vega is the brightest star in the northern heavens; that is, as seen from the Earth. Though many stars are actually larger and brighter than Vega, owing to their greater distance they do not appear so bright. Vega is, according to the latest measurement, about 1,980,000 miles in diameter, and so nearly two and a half times the diameter of our Sun. It is also 2,200,000 times as far as our Sun, its light taking 35 years to reach us.

Below Vega, and between ten and twelve times the Moon's width away,



Where the Lyrid Meteors appear to come from

will be seen two stars of medium brightness, or third magnitude; these are Beta and Gamma in Lyra. Beta is composed of two stars that alternately pass in front of each other, as seen from the Earth; this occurs in the course of their rotation and produces a diminution of the total light received by us.

This wonderful eclipse of one sun by another takes place at intervals of nearly 12 days 22 hours, when Beta in Lyra drops from third to fourth magnitude. This is readily apparent, for while Beta is normally brighter than Gamma, at the time of eclipse minima it becomes fainter than Gamma.

The last occasion when this occurred was on April 12 at about nine o'clock in the morning; the next will be at the equally unfortunate hour of seven o'clock on April 25. In two months this far-off event will be observable in the evening.

Beta is remarkable in having a secondary minima which occurs midway between the other two, when the star's brilliance diminishes, this time but half a magnitude; the cause of this has been ascribed to some periodic tidal effect produced by one sun on the other, so causing an enlarged surface to be alternately presented toward the Earth, such as may be observed when an egg is viewed endwise and then sideways.

Visitors From Space

At the end of next week the Lyrid meteors are expected to flash across the sky from the neighbourhood of this constellation of Lyra; and as the Moon will not be present many of these celestial visitors should be observed.

As many as twenty an hour may be seen at the time of maximum display. This usually takes place about April 21, so next Saturday night is the one when most of these meteors are likely to be seen, though some may be observed on the previous night and the one following.

It is to be hoped that the maximum will not occur during daylight hours; but in any case the later they are looked for more are likely to be seen.

They will appear to radiate from the area shown in the star map, and it will be interesting to reflect that each meteor is a particle that once belonged to the First Comet of 1861.

G. F. M.

MOROCCO HOUSE

A Great Adventure
of Long Ago

Told by
Mary Carruthers

What Has Happened Before

The boys of the High School in Old Edinburgh, having been refused the week's holiday which they have set their hearts on, rise in revolt, taking possession of the school and barring out the masters.

The town Bailie is called in to restore order, and in the terrible skirmish which follows is killed.

The four ringleaders are thrown into prison.

CHAPTER 3 The Cousins

HAGGARD, hopeless, changed beyond all recognition, in the great common room of the Tolbooth Alexander Grey sat crouched on a little straw, moping like a sick falcon among the crowd of felons lounging behind the rail which barred the prisoners from the entrance.

Six months had passed since the siege of the High School, and he was the last of the scholars left in jail.

Pringle was set at liberty, and so was Murray. The head of the Sinclair family took up the chief offender's cause, and said he would see the streets of Edinburgh run red with blood sooner than the boy William should come to harm. In a very short time the fair youth was released, unscathed and scarcely chastened; but his friend Grey, who had had no part in the slaughter of John Macarthur, languished still in prison, and came to no trial.

Alexander Grey had little money and few friends; a powerful enemy, too, was his in the shape of the old Lord Provost. His elder brother Henry also bore him a grudge about Lathallan, and never lifted a finger in his behalf.

Little ground for hope had Alexander as he sat aloof from his loathed companions in the cold, grey afternoon light of November filtering through the grim iron stanchioned windows.

The sentry of the City Guard, marching to and fro in the hall, came to a halt before him.

"Laddie, lift up your head and take heed of what is about you," said he in not unkindly tones. "Here are two visitors."

A waft of the keen, clean scent of sweetbriar was the first thing that met the prisoner's dazed senses. As he stumbled painfully to his feet he was faced by two maidens wrapped in tartan plaids, holding great bunches of sweet herbs in their hands, rosemary, lavender, and sweetbriar. One of them was tall and dark, of the same age as Alexander, and resembling him as a sister does a brother. The second girl was short and of a silvery fairness, several years younger than the other.

The pure fragrance of their posies cutting through the spent and heavy air, the sight of their clear faces smiling encouragement upon him in that dark spot, were like a glimpse of heaven opening to the youth. All the same, he exclaimed with the peremptoriness of a kinsman:

"Egidia! Liliass! How in the name of fortune did you make your way here? Fain as I am to see you, this den of catiffs is no place for maidens like you!"

"Cousin, we have not come unattended," said the fair girl. "Andrew, my father's steward, is with us in the hall."

"It is not right for you to visit this foul spot," he repeated. "Your father should have come, though I expect he has done with me. Away with you both; you might catch jail fever."

"No, it is right we should be here," said the fair Liliass. "Are we not your next of kin, after your unkind and unnatural brother?" Then, turning to the old servant, "Go, Andrew," she ordered, "to the jailer with the wine and venison

which my father sent. Say that it is not seemly for young gentlemen to be in the common room of the Tolbooth. If what you take is not enough to bribe him to give us a private room come back to me for money."

Bailie Smith's name carried weight, and so did his gifts. Before long Grey stumbled up the turnpike staircase leaning on Liliass's shoulder.

The cousins were locked into a solitary cell lit by one long, barred window; a straw pallet lay in one corner and a wooden stool stood beside it.

Grey sank down on the stool, exhausted with the unusual effort of mounting a stair. Liliass took off her plaid, and produced a basket.

"Eat and drink a little, Alexander, before you say or hearken to a word more. We must get some strength into you."

In a pitying silence the two girls knelt at his side, waiting upon him, animated by the same spirit though contrasted in all else. Egidia, his first cousin, was slender, close on six feet high, of a dark, hawk-like beauty more suited to a man than a maiden. Liliass, only child of a Grey who had married below her degree and died untimely, resembled her burgher father in everything except her hands, which were those of an aristocrat, finely moulded, long fingered. For the rest she was small, with the delicate sturdiness of a daisy, a wealth of pale golden hair, and a creamy complexion.

After he had eaten and drunk: "Did you think we had forsaken you?" asked Egidia. "We only got back to Scotland the day before yesterday, after a crossing of a very stormy sea."

"No; I did not expect you. I knew Cousin John had gone to Vere in Holland, and taken the two of you with him," returned Grey. "I tried to get a letter through to him, but I do not know whether it ever reached him."

"No; the first we knew of your plight was when we came back to Father's little house in Riddell's Close, the day before yesterday," said Liliass. "Old Allie Macphail came across and told us about the bailie. She said that you had neither art nor part in his slaughter, and that one man might steal a horse and the other not look over the wall. We would have come there and then, but there were other ways to try first."

"Cousins, it was sweet and dear of you both to come now," said Grey, "but it must be for the last time. Twice you must not adventure it, nor wring my heart; for it must be farewell now."

"My father went to your step-brother Henry yesterday to make him move on your behalf," said Liliass. "All he got for answer was that a little more imprisonment would do your hot blood good. All morning my father has reasoned and pleaded with old Provost Rentoul, and his reply was aye the same, that you were older than Sinclair, therefore yours was the greater fault, and a little longer waiting in durance would not hurt you."

"Said I not so?" asked the youth, grinding his teeth. "They would slay me by inches, the pair of them, for the sake of Lathallan, Henry to have the heiring and the selling of it, the Provost to have the owning of it. All decently done and in order; no bloodshed, no scandal; I am just to be left here to rot, forsaken alike by friends and kindred."

"There you speak ungraciously, Alexander," said Egidia. "What about us? Have we not hurried here to your help today?"

"Poor maidens! Yes," he answered. "All the will in the world you have to help me, but not the power."

"Just as much power as men-folk, maybe more," Egidia briskly replied. "Hearken while I whisper.

Liliass and I have planned your escape. What you say is true and we must face it. You are not going to be released, and his life is not long who bides in this place. The hour you must escape is now. Rouse yourself, man, you will need a stout heart for a steep brae."

CHAPTER 4 The Plot

THE young man sprang to his feet. "But the means of escape, Egidia, the means?" he exclaimed.

"I begged them from your old housekeeper while Cousin John was battling with Henry—your black cloak and riding-suit," she answered coolly. "Do you look as dounce a maiden as I a ruffling cavalier and the deed is done."

As she spoke she flung off her plaid, unloosed a ribbon here, undid a button there, and out of a swirl of descending skirts she stepped, a slim, tall figure in a riding-suit, shaking down her hair.

"Your comb to part my unruly locks," she said to Liliass. "Such is the gratitude of man. Yesterday, when I said my prayers, I could kneel on my hair, and now it is shorn to shoulder-length; and what thanks do I get for the sacrifice from the gentleman who stands glowering there? Rouse yourself, Alexander; you must pocket your pride and put on my farthingale."

"I cannot do it, Egidia," he stammered. "What do you take me for that I should flee in your guise and leave you to bear the brunt?"

"Alexander, you must do it! It is your one chance," hissed the girls, clasping his arms in their urgency. "Refuse, and you are doomed to the death you dread. What! Will you not think of us? Are you not the last man left of our house, for who could count Henry?"

"You need have no fears for Egidia," said Liliass. "She will play your part till morning. My father is in lodging in the Canongate and will come for her. He said it was the best way. No one will dare to lay a finger on her."

"Do you think I stand in a moment's dread of the carles?" Egidia demanded fiercely. "I took a dirk from your rooms, as well as your clothes. Do you think they dare to meddle with one of my degree? The Tolbooth has aye a proper regard for those of gentle blood. Remember that I am kin to the Douglasses on the distaff side; and though the old earl would not give a pennypiece to save me from starving he is not likely to allow his kinswoman to be held in jail."

"Be persuaded, cousin!" said Liliass. "You stand in jeopardy of liberty and life; all Egidia has to fear is rough words; and she is like yourself and loves a fray. I am content to leave her here."

A HERO OF THE ANTARCTIC

There is no one more fitted to write a story of adventure amid the great white wastes of the Pole than Rear-Admiral E.R. G.R. Evans, C.B., D.S.O., R.N., for he was second in command of the British Antarctic Expedition under Captain Scott, and, when Captain Scott died so gallantly, took over the command.

The Mystery of the Polar Star

Beneath this title Rear-Admiral Evans, better known perhaps as "Evans of the Broke," writes a magnificent serial story of Polar adventure for "Chums," the most manly of all modern boys' papers. This great serial story commences this week, and don't forget that it is in "Chums."

CHUMS

Every Saturday 2d.

"Well, if you are content it must suffice me," said he, in tones of surly yielding.

They looped his hair in the way that women wore it, clothed him in the full and flowing skirts, muffled the plaid round his head and shoulders, not without ill-timed laughter from Egidia.

"Bury your head in the posy of herbs, as I did, when you cross the hall, so as to hide your unshaven chin," said she. "Link arms with Liliass as you go down the stairs, and for any sake let your gown trail to hide your long, man's feet. You will find the prentices and the horses waiting for you at the Puir Folks' Purses."

"Now to play my own part of Master Misfortunate in Castle Despair. Alexander, smear some dust round my cheeks; my colouring is too fresh for yours. Liliass, give me half your posy. Truth to say, I stand more in dread of the smells of this place and of jail fever than I do of the wrath of the Goodman of the Tolbooth."

The grinding of the key in the lock was heard, the door opened, and the jailer summoned them to descend.

"Our kinsman is weary of his company in the hall, and finds the air sweeter here," said Liliass, pointing to the dejected figure reclining on the pallet. "May he bide here for the night till my father, Bailie Smith, visits him in the morning? I can make it worth your while"—slipping gold into his palm.

"I think I can oblige you in that," said the man, carefully pocketing the bribe. "Mind your footing down the stairway, ladies."

Arm in arm, well muffled in their plaids, the cousins descended the turnpike. In the hall old Andrew awaited them. Not daring to hurry, the little party made its way to the main door of the Tolbooth. It closed behind them. The slow command was given: "Turn your hand!" The outside sentry unlocked the outer door and they stepped into the street, undetected, and free.

"Where are we riding?" muttered Grey, as they hurried along the causeway, lit by Andrew's lantern.

"To Leith," she whispered. "Three of my father's ships, The Golden Fleece, The Highland Maid, and the White Hart, are riding at anchor in the Roads before they sail to the Levant with a cargo of hides and wool. You are to embark in the Golden Fleece."

In the narrow alley before the bedesmen's quarters, called the Poor Folks' Purses, where the sentry slept a drugged sleep, the bailie's prentices were waiting with a red roan horse.

"Where is my palfrey?" asked Liliass, as the youths quickly disembarrassed her cousin from his disguise and set him on the horse.

"Mistress Liliass, it was your father's will that you should go straight home to old Mariotte in his house in Riddell's Close," said Andrew.

"You cannot have heard my father aright," she returned, unmoved and mild. "I am sure it is not his pleasure that I should leave my mother's cousin, worse orphaned than myself, to go into exile without one of his own blood to wave him farewell. Gilbert will have to lend me his nag and go home on foot."

"This steed is strong enough to bear us both," said her cousin. "Mount behind me, Liliass."

She put her foot to the stirrup and mounted, despite all the protests of her following.

In a few minutes a train of wagons laden with hides and fleeces for the bailie's ships came rumbling by, and in their wake the little party followed down the High Street, stirring the stray swine from their slumbers as they passed, skirting the great heaps of heather and peat (winter-fuel) that lay before the tall, gabled, crow-stepped houses.

At the Netherbow Port they were challenged by the two porters.

Who were they? Had they the permit from the Provost or a Bailie which was needful when one passed in and out of the Netherbow Port?

TO BE CONTINUED

Five-Minute Story

The Charm

WHEN Trixie Maynard won the music prize three years running Madame D'Egville suggested that she should start a musical training. But Colonel Maynard wrote from India to say that he and her mother wanted their daughter to come out to them.

So Trixie went, promising faithfully to practise regularly.

But it was not easy to fit it into the new life, riding with her father, driving with her mother, or playing tennis with many new friends. But she cared enough for her music to snatch some hours from her amusements, and Colonel Maynard's household became used to hearing her at the piano.

Gunga, the sweeper, would creep round to the verandah, and, crouching below it where no one could see him, he would listen, swaying himself to and fro as the music thrilled him.

Never before had anything given him so much pleasure; he looked upon Trixie with awe and admiration.

One morning in the distance he heard her playing, but he was at work and could not go near.

Still the music went on and on, from one piece to another, without a moment's pause. Wonderful! He dropped his broom and crept to the verandah, and, padding softly along it to the window, he peeped in.

What he saw transfixed him with fear.

With a white, set face Trixie sat at the piano, playing, desperately playing, while in the centre of the room, its body upreared, swaying to the music as Gunga himself swayed as he listened, was a cobra.

Trixie heard the slight sound and turned imploring eyes upon Gunga, but never for one instant did she cease to play.

Gunga slid swiftly from the window to snatch up a stick and give the alarm. He dashed at the snake with a loud cry, and it turned to attack him.

In a moment there was a rush of feet; people were crowding into the room, and Trixie's weary arms sank on to the piano with a crash.

"I thought you would never come!" she gasped, as her mother rushed to her side. "It came gliding in and I dare not move: I just guessed it was attracted by the music, so I had to go on. I was afraid to call out; I tried to sing but I couldn't make a sound; besides, the creature might have disliked it. Then I saw Gunga's face."

"Poor Gunga has been bitten," said her father.

"Oh, Father, save him!" cried Trixie.

"We certainly will if we can, for he saved your life," said Colonel Maynard. "I wonder what he was doing in the verandah."

Gunga did not die; he quickly recovered; and many and many a time he sat by the window to watch Trixie play.

April 14, 1928

The Children's Newspaper

II



Spring's Music is the Gladness of the World



THE BRAN TUB

A Charade

THOUGH my first is quite strong
It is usually thin,
And at times may be seen
On the sweet violin.

My second's grown smaller,
I think you'll agree.
Now what would you have
If you gave things to me?

In many a household
My whole has a place;
Although it's quite new
[It is growing apace. *Answer next week*]

The C.N. Natural Portrait Gallery



The Alpaca

The Alpaca, a member of the camel family, is a semi-domesticated creature, and is prized for its long, fine wool, which in some specimens reaches almost to the ground. It is a mountain animal, being kept in large herds on the higher slopes of the Andes, which it leaves for the villages below only at the shearing season. The usual colour of its wool is dark brown or black.

A Problem

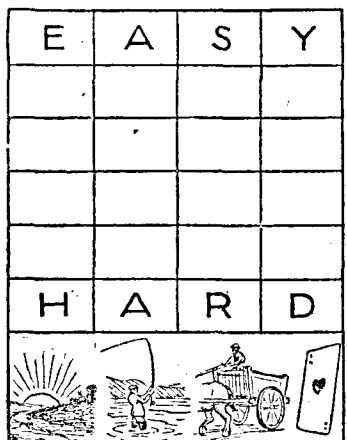
CAN you solve the meaning of the following arrangement of words?
We westand fall.

Answer next week

Is Your Name Morris?

THIS name is sometimes derived from the Christian name Maurice, but more generally it means Moorish, and was probably a nickname given originally to an ancestor of the Morris of today because of a dark skin which he had, suggesting a Southern origin.

Changeling



Change the word Easy into Hard with only four intervening links, altering one letter at a time and making a common word with each change. The pictures will help you.

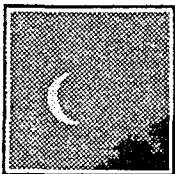
Answer next week

A Water Puzzle

MY first is in schooner but not in ship,
My second's in trickle but not in drip,
My third is in coffee but not in tea,
My fourth is in ripple but not in sea,
My fifth is in river but not in brook,
My sixth is in cranny but not in nook,
My seventh's in bucket but not in pail,
My eighth is in raining but not in gale,
My ninth is in boiling but not in steam,
My tenth is in ocean but not in stream,
In water my whole may sometimes be seen,
It depends very largely on whether it's clean.

Answer next week

Other Worlds Next Week



The picture shows the Moon as seen looking South at 8 a.m. on April 17.

Electric Rods

A FRIEND of the C.N. writes to us about a lady who is famous for her powers of water divining. Wherever she goes, holding a forked twig, she can detect the presence of a spring by the way her wand bends.

There are many such people in the world; but apparently not enough, because scientific men who have not the mysterious gift are trying to get at the result by electricity. They are devising electrical instruments for discovering water, oil, and gas fields.

These men have been bombarded by letters from young people wanting instruments to help them to discover buried treasure; but how dull the world would be if it were all found! We trust that particular invention will never be invented! What would become, for instance, of all our serial stories?

Ici On Parle Français



Le chapeau Un épervier La harpe

Il faut que je m'achète un chapeau
L'épervier va fondre sur sa proie
Peu de gens savent jouer de la harpe

Making Twenty

CAN you take one from six and leave twenty? Most people will think that this is an impossible thing to do, but it may be accomplished quite easily.

Write on paper the word SCORED. This has, of course, six letters. Now tear the paper so that you remove the last letter. You will then have the word SCORE, which means twenty.

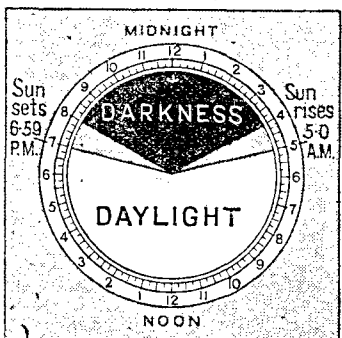
For the Lamp Wick

OIL lamps for heating and cooking are still widely used, especially in the country. In the case of all paraffin lamps it is a very good plan to soak the wick in vinegar for a few hours when it is new. This makes the wick give out a brighter flame, and it is not so likely to smoke. When the burners are being cleaned it is advisable to take out the wicks and give them another good soak in vinegar.

How the Réaumur Thermometer Got Its Name

THE Réaumur thermometer was formerly much used in Russia and Germany. It was devised by a French scientist, René Réaumur, who was born in 1683, and its characteristic feature is that the space between the freezing and boiling points is divided into eighty degrees.

Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows longer each day.

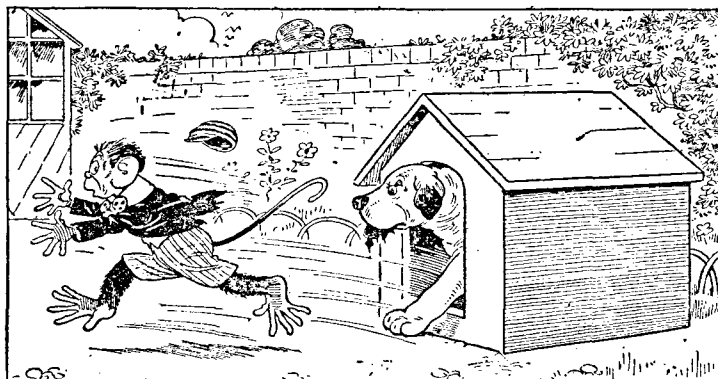
Jacko in a Tight Corner

IT was Belinda's birthday, and Jacko hadn't the faintest idea what to give her. As usual he had spent all his pocket-money, and he wandered about the village wondering what he was going to do.

"I don't know where all the money goes," he said dismally.

Mrs. Moggs, who kept the sweetshop, could have answered that question, for Jacko was one of her best customers. All the same she wasn't very helpful when Jacko walked in and asked for a box of chocolates, saying that he would pay for it next week. Mrs. Moggs shook her head.

"I should be ruined if I did business on those lines," she said. "No, my dear, you must wait till you have the money. Cash down is the rule here."



They changed places in an astonishingly short time

Poor Jacko went off feeling very crestfallen. Suddenly a notice outside the florist's caught his eye. "Say it with flowers," it ran.

That was certainly a very nice idea, Jacko thought, and he started off into the country feeling much more hopeful.

"Primroses, that's what I'll get," he said.

But on the way to the woods Jacko caught sight of something which put primroses quite out of his head. Growing in the garden of a small house was a beautiful tree covered with white blossom.

"That would just suit Belinda down to the ground!" said Jacko, and suddenly he gave a gasp of delight. In front of the house was a big TO LET notice.

"Coo! What luck!" exclaimed Jacko, and he was pulling big sprays of blossom off the tree in next to no time.

A very cross-looking man rushed out of the house and ordered Jacko off the premises.

"You're mistaken if you think this house is empty!" he said angrily. "And, even if it were, you've no right to pick the flowers. Now then, be off!" And he waved a stick so threateningly that Jacko slunk off without another word.

Unfortunately, in his excitement he couldn't find the gate, and he had to dodge round to the back of the house to get out of the way of the stick.

But when the man came round the corner Jacko had completely disappeared, and, as there was a high wall round the garden, he was completely mystified.

"The boy must be on the premises still," he said, and he went indoors and called his dog.

But the dog was a great fat, lazy animal, and it didn't like being disturbed in the middle of the nap which it was taking in front of the kitchen fire.

"Oof!" it snorted, and, refusing to join in the chase, it left its master and waddled across the yard into its kennel.

The next moment there was a terrific outcry—shouts and yells and barks and growls! The whole kennel rocked, and at last out sprang Jacko.

The two changed places in an astonishingly short time.

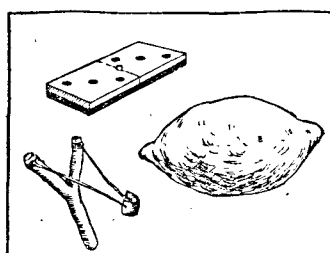
Next Week's Nature Calendar

THE willow wren's note is heard. The turtle dove coos. The large bat is seen on the wing. The black slug is seen in numbers. The wild and garden cherries come into blossom. The plum, harebell, apple, and fool's orchis flower.

Do You Live at Teddington?

THIS name does not mean Tide-end-town, as is often stated, although it is true that the tide in the Thames is felt as far up as Teddington. It is really the town of the sons of Tidda or Tette, a common old English name, which was probably that of a prominent man who lived at or near what is now Teddington.

A Hidden Poet



FIND the names of these objects and then, by taking two consecutive letters from each word, spell the name of one of the greatest poets.

Answer next week

DR. MERRYMAN

What She Put In

YOUNG COOK: This pie doesn't taste quite right; I'm afraid I must have left something out.

Her Father (tasting it): I doubt if anything you could leave out would make it taste like this. It must be something you put in.

Half a Joke

HALF a joke is worse than no joke. In the presence of a young actress somebody told the story of the great lady who was asked, in a railway carriage, whether she objected to smoking.

"I cannot tell," she answered. "No one has ever smoked in my presence."

"I call that clever," thought the actress; "I shall make use of it."

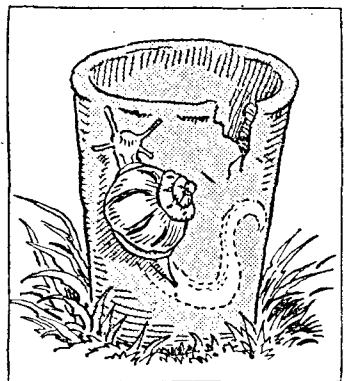
"Do you object to smoking?" a man asked her sometime afterwards.

"I cannot tell (she answered proudly), no one has ever asked me!"

He Was an Irishman

"I'm seventy and every tooth in my head is as perfect as on the day I was born!"

Making His Mark



THE slowest writer in the world is Master Snail, we guess. It takes him half an hour to form A shiny letter S!

WHAT is the difference between a traveller and a certain popular vegetable? One's been abroad and the other's a broad bean.

A Small Beginning

A WEE coral polyp, they say, In a time that is ages away, Built its own little home Beneath fathoms of foam— It's a jolly big island today!

It Pays to Advertise

THE Editor of a local paper received this letter from a grateful reader.

Last week I lost a valuable watch and I immediately put an advertisement in your columns. Two days later I found my watch in the pocket of another suit.

A Day Late

EMPLOYER (to the sleepy office boy): When were you born?
Boy: On the second of April, sir.
Employer: Late again!

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Cross Word Puzzle

Here is the answer to last week's cross word puzzle:

PORTER	ACES
ABEAM	SPARE
PEARL	MAP
ASPER	ADVERSE
LEPER	EASE
EATS	SAME
WHARF	AGE
OUR	ULE
ON	ABLE
DEER	RINSE
THEY	SPEED

Built-Up Towns

Barn-staple, Ant-rim, Water-ford, New-castle, Swan-sea, Rams-gate, Ox-ford.

Do You Know Me? Education.

Jumbled Flowers

Carnation, marigold, geranium, primrose, daffodil, buttercup, fuchsia, polyanthus, hyacinth, clematis, gladiolus, violet, snowdrop, narcissus, chrysanthemum, sunflower, foxglove, woodruff.

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

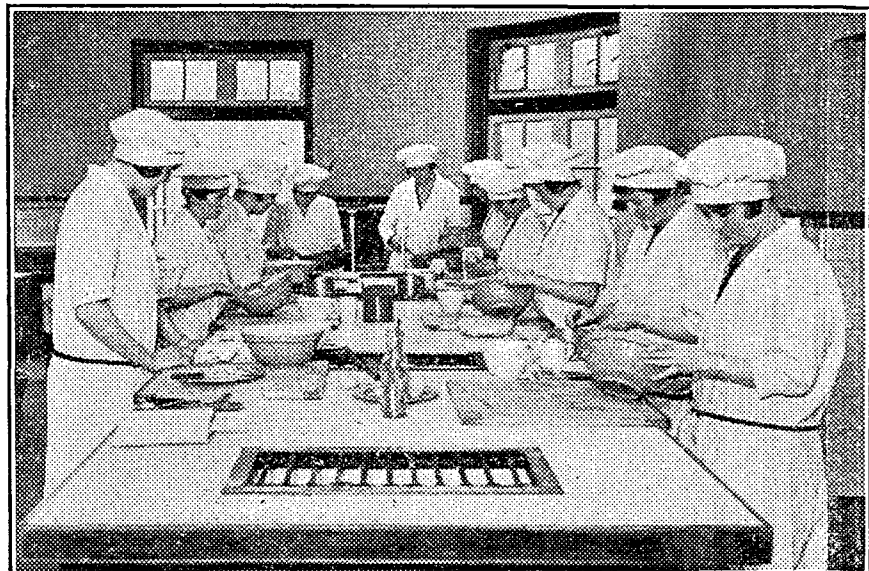
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

April 14, 1928

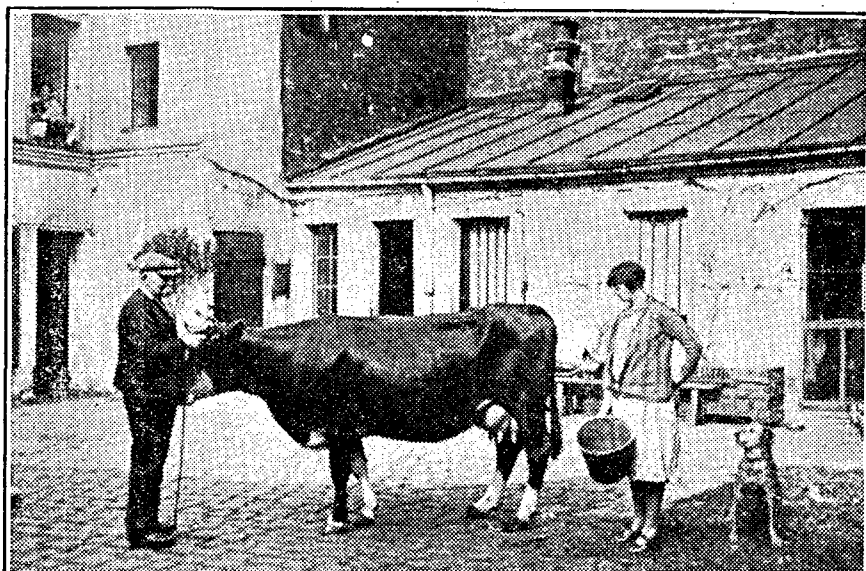
Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere except Canada for 14s. 6d. a year; Canada, 14s. See below.

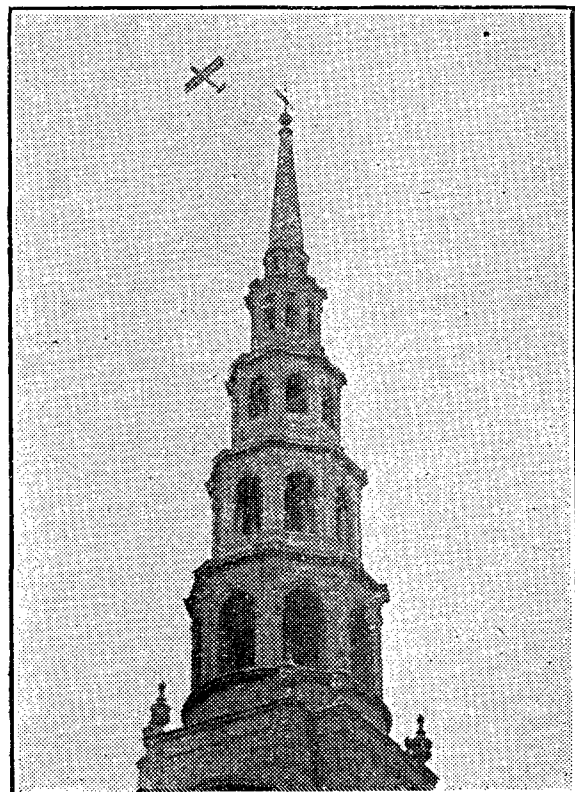
A FARM IN PARIS · A KING FLIES OVER LONDON · GOLF IN A LONDON SHOP



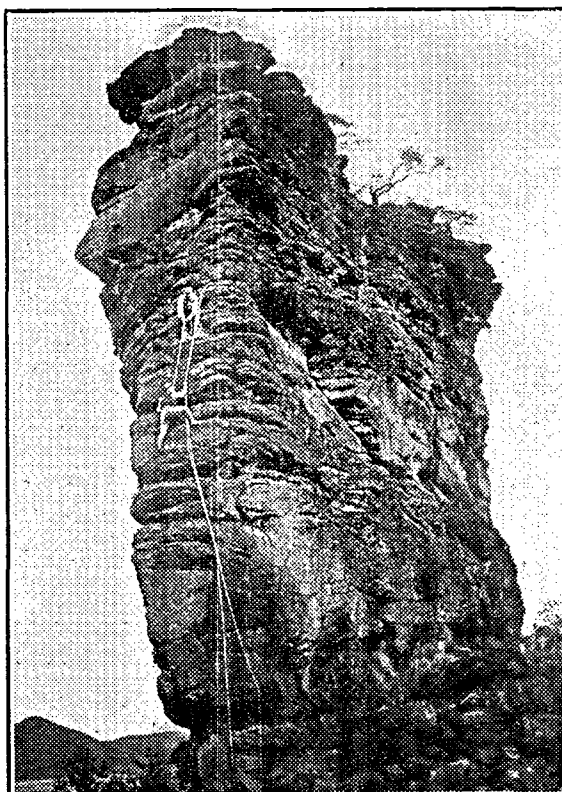
Scientific Housekeeping—London University has a department at King's College where students may qualify for a degree in Household Science. Here we see a cookery class.



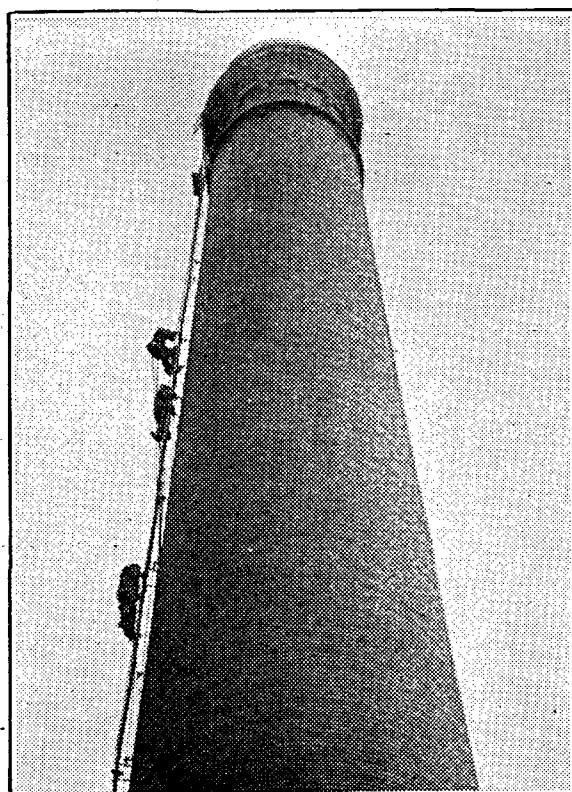
A Farm in Paris—This farm, which has stood for centuries in the heart of Paris completely surrounded by buildings, is to be demolished. Many Parisians did not know of its existence.



A King Flies Over London—The King of Afghanistan flew over London the other day. The picture shows his machine above the spire of St. Bride's, as seen from the Editor's window.



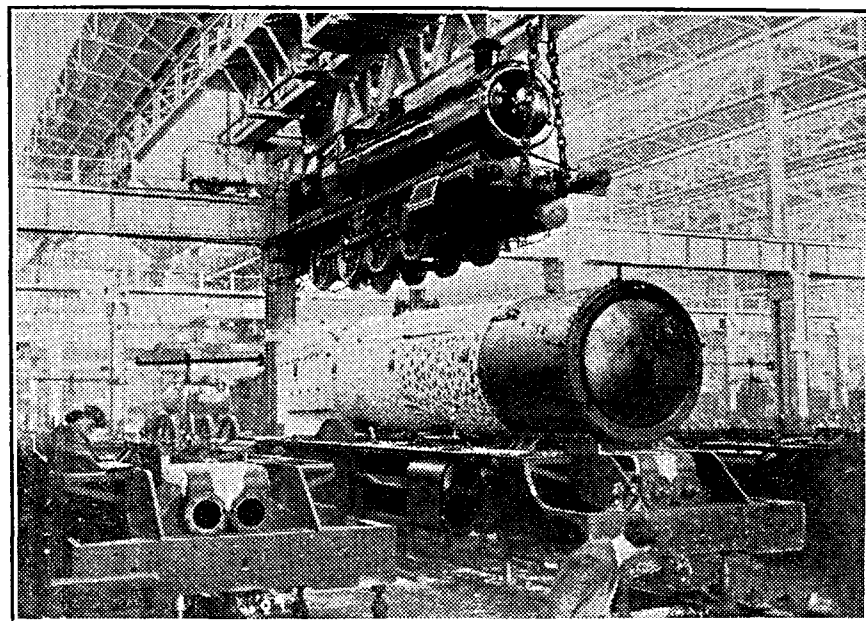
A Perilous Climb—These two mountaineers are climbing the perpendicular side of a rock known as the Geyenstein, in Saxony. Such a feat requires great skill and strength.



Steeplejacks at Work—In this picture three steeplejacks are shown making their adventurous way up ladders on a high chimney at the electricity works at East Ham, London.



Golf in a London Shop—Harry Vardon, the famous golf professional, has been giving lessons in a big London stores recently. Here we see him showing a lady how to hold her club.



A Ride for an Engine—A new engine is here seen travelling high above the floor, suspended from an overhead crane, at the Great Western Railway locomotive works at Swindon.

THE PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN DARKNESS—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR MAY

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